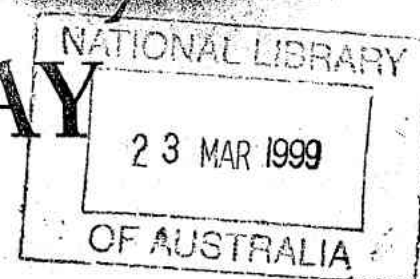


# woroni

Volume 50, Edition 3, April 1998  
The Blandest Issue Ever



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SA Yay Yay





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4

# hello

*Woroni* gets bland this issue (in the wake of recent outrage caused by the scandalously saucy nature of this publication), and brings you AMWAY salespersons in 0055 PANTIES, an apology to the Mackerras family, a gender balanced Who's that Girl, and prays for the death of that grungey wanker Kurt Cobain. We salute women and we hate men and we don't want to get sued.

# news

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News gets violent this week as admin rips the heart out of the arts, the Women's Department rips up that shoddy student publication *Woroni*, and heated words are exchanged over the rights and responsibilities of the media.

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# letters

*Woroni* brings you furied responses to our abortion feature of last issue, a loving letter from someone who likes us, a frenzied letter by someone who believes in a Student Union pricing conspiracy, and something a bit weird from a guy who wants campus to get violent.

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Take a skate around campus with the latest racers, a set of skaters who seem to spend most of their life four feet off the ground.

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More exciting reviews of lots of CDs and books and movies. And look out for a cunningly hidden competition to win Tea Party CDs.

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Test your photography skills to win a prize, lose yourself in *Fluent* dreams, make for the lake and discover strange sculptural installations or take in the modern innovations of the Bangarra Dance Company — its all on in Canberra and readers have the chance to win free tickets to the theatre.

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# society

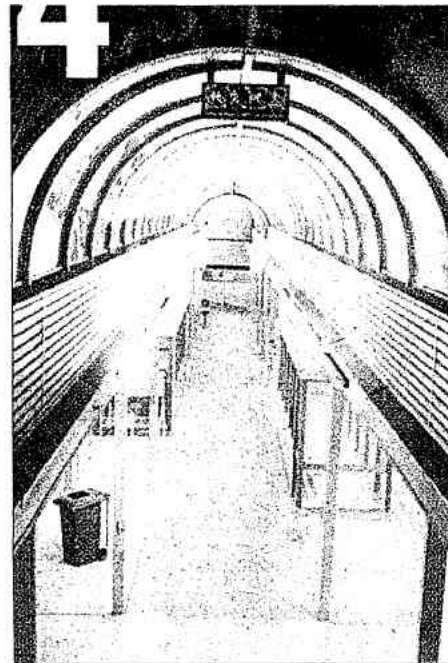
*Woroni* teaches the bereaved how to mourn politely, looks at condom testing as a career in Uni Schmunni, and gets seedy with a look at some bar flies enjoying a lunchtime, afternoon, dinnertime, and evening beer in Papparrazzi Papparrazzi!!

# footnotes

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Be afraid as intrepid *Woroni* reporters talk to fearful Kung Fu man about martial arts, astrology, and his ANU signet ring. And join Detective James (or Jones?) as he continues to have wacky (and politically correct) adventures on his way to solving a case.

# Woroni



People tend to think of Canberra as the blandest city this side of Goulburn. What few people remember however is the fact that Canberra is a small city with big city problems. Syvi Boon takes a tour of Canberra meeting those who've slipped through the net of the city's protective womb.



The Students' Association is an organisation with a surprising amount of power on campus. Roslyn Dundas points out the little known fact that unelected students also have a substantial say in how the money is spent, what policy is made and what gets done in their association.



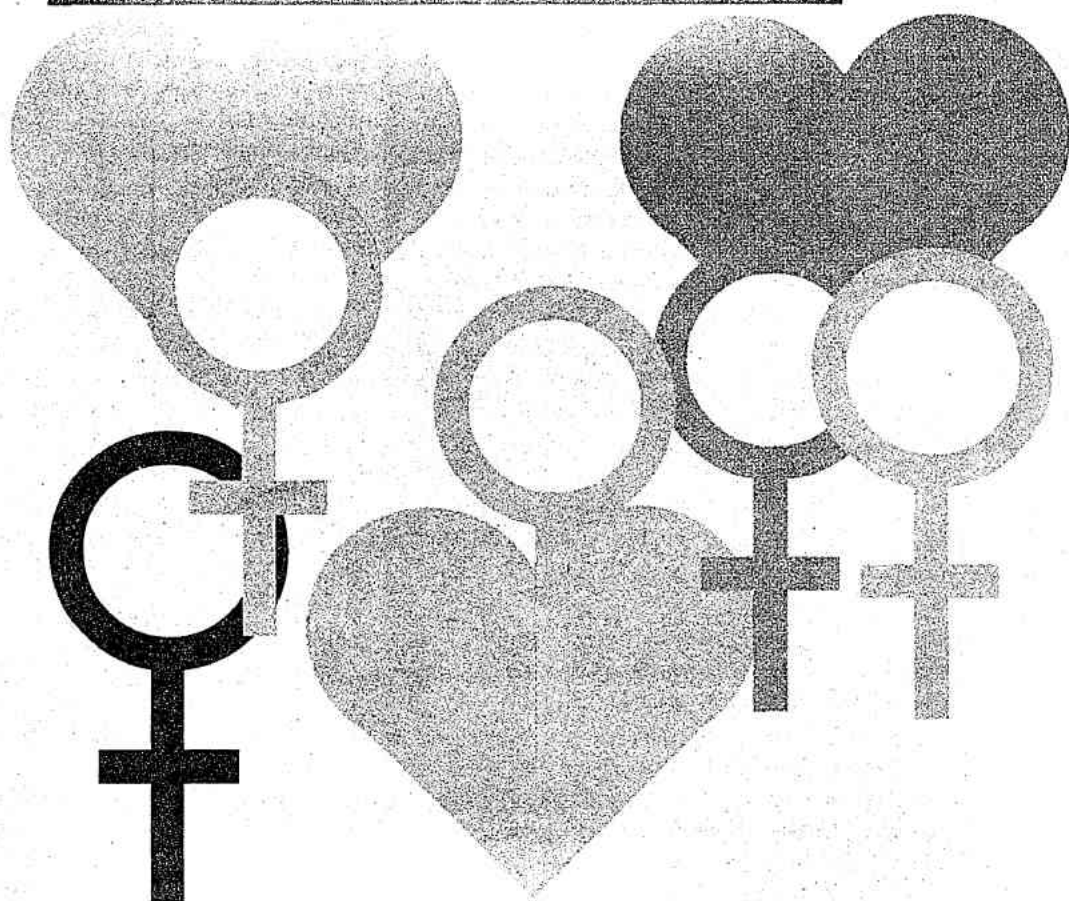
AMWAY is an American direct marketing company whose fanatical devotion to selling detergents and the like, blurs the boundaries between job and religious vocation. Roger Adultery mixes his personal experiences with the more bizarre elements of this company, with a look at the odd ball philosophy of AMWAY.

# contents



# hello

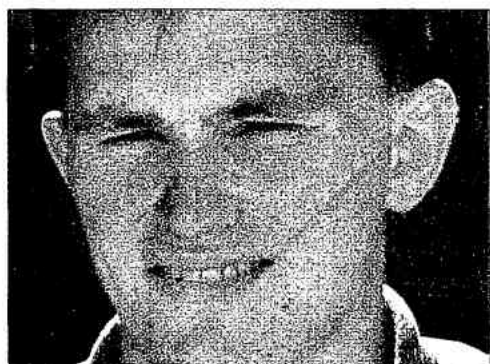
## woroni salutes



## woroni apologises

*Woroni* is embarrassed and ashamed. In our last issue we printed a scurrilous attack on Patrick Mackerras masquerading as a salutation to genius. *Woroni* apologises unreservedly for the clear error we made in the use of the Mackerras picture, because clearly this was not a photo of Patrick but of his brother William. Pictured below is an

image of the real Patrick and the picture used in the last issue. Clearly *Woroni* was gravely in error by confusing the two siblings and apologises unreservedly to any members of the Mackerras family or, indeed, any members of the student body who have felt a degree of unnecessary trauma or stress as a result of this unfortunate incident.



(above) The real William Mackerras



(above) The real Patrick Mackerras

aren't women great! Everyone loves women especially *Woroni* which is why we decided to salute all the women who ever lived and still do. *Woroni* thinks that our credentials with feminists will be greatly enhanced in this issue because, as they rightly point out, women are never to be laughed at. Women never do or say anything that could ever warrant parody and powerful women are the most untouchable of all. So next time you feel that, as a woman, you are not being appropriately saluted then *Woroni* would like to refer you to the ANU women's handbook. In this literature you can not only feel saluted but plot your "unique pattern of bleeding". And remember... don't laugh because such things are never funny.

## dodge city



(above) Shameless objectification of the human body: what *Woroni* does best

*Dodge City* this month sees the shameless objectification of the human body in this photo from the 70s. Oh for the heady days of ANU circa 1979. A simpler time. A time when no one bagged you out for wearing your boyfriend's feral sunnies and when he could brush his hair with confidence until it shone and stood aloft independently of his scalp. What a very happy, very blonde couple this pair made. Look at the confident way they assert their presence on the landscape as if owning all they survey. You could tell that this pair were the campus beautiful couple who would swan around with an authority that said "Look at our magnificent genes and yes... soon we'll be producing children with equally shiny hair, good teeth and assured futures." Reassuring isn't it to see how little things change.

## Woroni

issue 3, volume 50  
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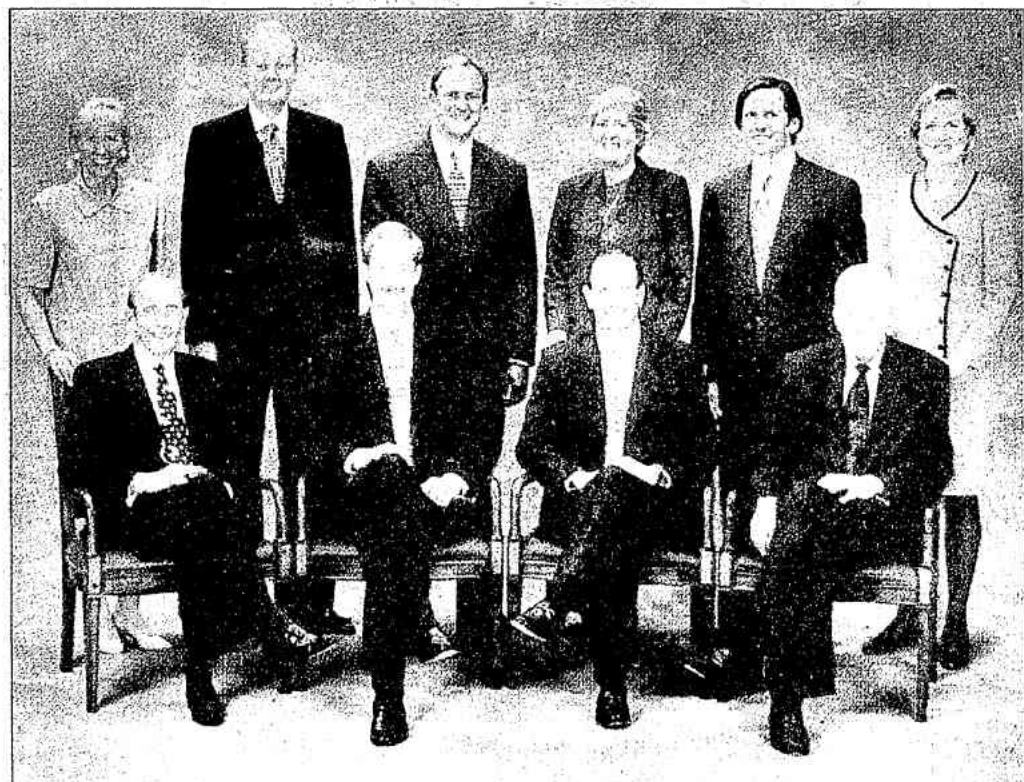
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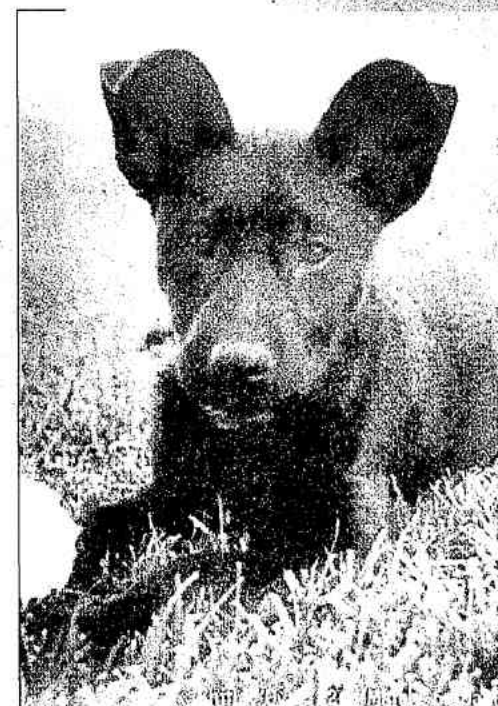
*woroni* is the official publication of the Australian national university students' association. The opinions expressed in *woroni* are not necessarily those of the editors, students' association or *woroni* staff.

## 0055 — PANTIES



Apparently 0055 PANTIES last month caused some degree of distress amongst some of the more PC members of the Students' Association. Apparently it was not funny, not satirical and not nearly ironic enough. Bloody right they were too! 0055 PANTIES is not funny, it's exploitative and its irony level is highly questionable. So this month's sees a group whose stern good natures, sensible suits and painted teeth leaves no room for an error of judgement. Who are this month's kings and queens of porn? Why none other than AMWAY salespeople (note the gender inclusive language. I tell ya' nothing makes it past these sensitive editors). Their rigour, good-health and chirpiness ought to be tonic to all our souls. These good, clean folks remind us that sex is not about tortured complications, endless longing, the intricacies of human foibles, the ultimate futility of human reproduction and smelly excretions, no, sex ought to be about pleasing everyone. Is everyone happy with this picture? Oh I do hope so because God only knows sex is no laughing matter.

## click!





# woroni hates you

Don't you just hate men? I mean men are single handedly responsible for all the bad things the world has ever produced. The amazing thing is that everyone knows about this state of affairs and no one has yet decided to carry out the logical course of action for dealing with all the world's men — kill them all. Scientists are now able to invent viruses that attack a myriad of specific targets, why not then simply invent one aimed at killing all men? We at *Woroni* don't think that a myxomatosis style virus aimed at the male of the human species would be too much of an ask to invent and know for a fact, being a team made up of 80% women, that we would enjoy nothing more than sitting back on a quiet day, sucking back a few Stollis lemon limes and having a jolly good laugh as we watched thousands of men roaming the streets dying in writhing agony — like that scene from *Day of the Triffids* but much, much nastier. Let's face it, men have had it too good for far too long. There's enough sperm in banks around the world to keep us going for millennia and Friday Night Football would be able to save a fortune on those costly advertisements aimed at women. So here's to a dawn of a new, happier, nicer, fluffier age — let's get the CSIRO on the job quick smart!



(above) *Woroni's* snow penis is symbolic of everything we hate about men. Incidentally, the first five readers to find the hidden snow penis in this issue will win a really saucy prize courtesy of our sponsors, Club X.

Die Kurt die. In this month's celebrity deaths we have decided that it is that king of teen angst, the 90s Morissey, Kurt Cobain who must die. "Here we are now, entertain us..." has any line from any song so refused to budge from the consciousness. Not in a good way mind you but more like the way in which the Aeroplane Jelly commercial dries moronically through the collective subconscious of the Australian population. Why do I hate Kurt so much and wish that he would die from a self-inflicted shotgun wound to the

head? Because frankly he has singlehandedly taken every major problem in the modern world and made it sound not only boring but has turned it into a fashion statement. Suddenly being a victim is cool and unless you've been molested or are addicted to something then your life clearly does not have enough credibility. For all this, for your crimes against fashion, and for creating a legion of angst-ridden Narrabundah College students, you must die Kurt Cobain.

# don't think twice it's alright

I think it was Helen Razer who once defended political correctness (admittedly in a limited way), saying that she thought anything that made people think a little before they opened their big fat mouths was a good thing. At the time, I grinned and agreed with her, as I believe that all we need is a little consideration and respect for the world to be a hell of a lot nicer to live in. Call me simple minded if you will! But nowadays, on reflection, I would have to say that I don't really buy it, and while what she said has a certain element of truth, I think anything that lets any kind of correctness in the door is dangerous. Even though the whole PC thing has kinda gone out of fashion a bit, or at least out of the collective vocabulary recently (itself an act of correctness?), the threat of censorship is still as prevalent as ever.

Two things have happened in the last month or two to force this issue back to the front of my fuzzy, clogged frontal lobe. First, a dear friend told me about the comments of the artistic director of the Festival of the Dreaming who had said that she was bothered, funnily enough, by the absence of any negative reviews. Not really that funny if you think about it — surely there are some aesthetic standards or ideals against which we can judge art without being hamstrung by fears of somehow saying "the wrong thing". Her point was that if you didn't think it was well done, you could say so without being a small-minded bigot. You'd think this was clear, that we could articulate things in our society with a degree of honesty and respect without fearing the wrath of the "correct". Perhaps not.

The other prompt was a re-reading of my year 12 history project, which I discovered as I sat, Tooheys Old in hand, amongst a chaotic pile of boxes that I was trying to unpack, after having moved yet again in late January. My Contemporary History folio topic was, appropriately enough, censorship. God only knows why I made such a precocious choice, but I'm glad I did: My view then was that we have to allow freedom of expression, and then deal with it as a community if there's a problem. For example, we should let the David Irvings of this world into the country to speak, and we should welcome Louis Farrakhan, even if we happen to think that he's a separatist and a loudmouth. I am aware of the problems of vilification, and think some legislation can't hurt. For example, should the names of alleged paedophiles be

made public? Probably not, but these issues are never that clear cut. But let's not go crazy with the restrictions, folks. I still agree with my year 12 self on these issues (if not on others!), and think even if it means the pain of listening to a Hanson, we must respect (or at the very least tolerate) free speech. I just wish certain other people had used their right of reply to say that they thought that perhaps what she was saying didn't make a lot of sense.

Homi Bhabha has pointed out that political correctness has been largely replaced by the "rhetoric of family values" in America, and the present government seems set on doing exactly the same thing here. Howard is on record advocating free speech (try not to choke), but it seems this is only applicable if you toe the Coalition's party line. No-one, I don't care who they are, should be allowed to behave like this. Using a position of power to force your values on others is not on, no matter who you are. Of course, the world we're in is not exactly perfect, and it's this kind of thing that is the norm rather than the exception. But allow me to be idealistic while I can. Censorship of any kind, no matter who you are, is ultimately very bad, and has never really worked. Sure, protect the kiddies by restricting movie going along age boundaries, but for gods sake let adults decide for themselves.

Freedom of expression means you should be able to speak out for what you believe in without fear. Along with this privilege come the responsibilities of thinking a bit before you speak, resolving not to hurt others, and taking an active role in wider debate — if someone says something that you don't agree with, or that attacks someone else, it is up to you to say that you think they're wrong. Not ridicule or attack them, but just put forward a reasoned alternative view. What we need to guard against most are those that use their positions (whatever they may be) to force a particular line on others. This means fighting hard to protect freedom of the press amongst other things, as long as they are doing a decent job. When someone in a position of authority (in whatever form) uses that position to ram home a particular line, what you have is a breach of the rules of free expression. And what that kind of behaviour leads to is a fear to speak out at all. Self-censorship is by far the worst kind.

celebrity deaths

# who's that girl?



(above) This issue's Girl can perform some very clever stunts with his weird arms

*Woroni's* new policy of gender inclusion has decided that to have a section entitled "Who's That Girl?" was clearly a case of gender exclusion. Thus this month sees the new look Who's That Girl — proving that boys can be just as good as girls at being girls. In no way should

calling this boy a girl be seen as a homophobic insult either, because clearly being called a girl can never be seen as an insult because girls are the best. So, if you've seen this month's girl then simply drag him into the *Woroni* office and claim your prize.



## Admin Tears Heart out of Arts Students and staff say 'Nyet' to new cuts

by Jamie Hall



The Arts Faculty is again facing severe cuts to its staff and courses, as ANU Administration tightens the financial screws.

The funding crisis facing the Faculty became all too apparent in Week 1, when students enrolled in first-year Russian were told that their course had been cut without warning. The nine students had already bought textbooks and materials. In other departments, later-year Philosophy tutorials have been changed from weekly to fortnightly; Australian Studies and Art History are believed to have shut down several units; the duration of some English tutorials has been reduced; French contact-hours have been cut to record low levels; and tutorial sizes in Linguistics, Sociology, and History have all been increased.

Cuts in the Arts Faculty have been likely since last year; even so, the scope of the recent cut-backs has stirred student and staff anger. A Students' Association rally was held on Thursday 26 March to protest against this latest attack. SA President Harry Greenwell, dressed in an academic gown, presided over a mock graduation ceremony where 'Degrees of Desperation' from the 'Faculty of Frustration' were taken out of a Cornflakes box and handed to 'graduates'.

The most surprising consequence of the cuts has been the decision to scrap

Russian I after first semester had already begun. According to the President of the ANU Branch of the National Tertiary Education Union, Dr Doug Kelly, it is "unheard of to cancel a course that is already underway. There is an implied agreement to teach an offered course". The Dean of Arts, Professor Paul Thom, replied to *Woroni* that the University "always reserves the right to cancel unpopular courses."

These cuts are due to the Arts Faculty's cumulative budget deficit, which is currently close to \$3.1 million. There have been calls for more transparency in the accounts of the Arts Faculty, although the Dean claims that there can be no dispute concerning the Faculty's debt. Following a small concession from the Vice Chancellor, the Faculty will be allowed to run another deficit this financial year, provided that it show a surplus next financial year.

This situation seems strange, given that the University has had several recent windfall profits, and has tens of millions of dollars in its Endowment for Excellence (described by the NTEU as a 'slush fund'). University Administration is, however, 'reluctant' to spend this kind of revenue on recurrent costs.

More importantly, academics' and students' groups have attacked the University Administration's handling of the budget crisis. The NTEU believes "there are real problems with management's priorities". Dr Kelly contends that some courses were cut for symbolic value alone: "This is a determined effort by

Management to show that they can make what they call 'tough decisions,'" he said. SA President Greenwell said that "maintaining the diversity and quality of courses is necessary, despite the current financial situation."

A discussion paper prepared by the Dean of Arts last year had brought up the possibility of Modern European Languages being converted into a self-funding business enterprise operating outside the Faculty. However, he told *Woroni* that "the answer came back clearly from Faculty members that the Faculty must continue to teach Modern European Languages, and I'm happy to accept that answer."

The Faculties Funding Model, under which money is distributed within the university, has recently come under fire, with the Dean commenting that "there is a strong feeling that the Arts Faculty hasn't been getting its fair share".

University Administration's position, however, is clear. The Pro-Vice Chancellor (Administration), Mr Chris Burgess, said that "to imply that 'academic merit' somehow must be funded by others for its own sake, just doesn't wash in the current climate". He also asserted that "all sections of the University community will need to demonstrate their worth more transparently and explain their raison d'être a little more patiently."

Following the cuts within the Arts Faculty, there have been calls for more student consultation - calls which the Dean dismisses. "Students have representatives on all decision-making bodies," he said,

"and they're doing an excellent job".

The NTEU and the Students' Association will both continue to fight against the cuts, with the SA calling for a moratorium on job losses, and industrial action

seems likely. It appears that, as Dr Kelly puts it, "the atmosphere of anxiety and tension will continue until management makes another 'firm decision'."



A free degree in every box...The SA Prez hands out a soon-to-be worthless ANU Degree

photo: Jason Richardson

## A Ripping Yarn? Copies of *Woroni* destroyed after abortion feature

by Michael Cook



Over 30 copies of Issue 2 of *Woroni*, the ANU Student Newspaper, were destroyed in a "rip-out rally" organised by the Students' Association Women's Department.

The demonstration, held in Union Court on March 19, was to protest against a feature article titled "Abortion:

Dilemma of Choice". The article was perceived to portray an anti-abortion bias, both in its content and layout; of specific concern was a photo of a human foetus incorrectly labelled as being only eight weeks from conception.

Kate Harriden, the Students' Association Women's Officer, organised the

rip-out to "reclaim the issue" for the University's women, and protest against *Woroni's* treatment of the subject. "To put such misleading captions on the photos, and the use of emotional photos that don't in any way relate to the actual article, just sensationalise and trivialise the issue...the images were decidedly anti-choice," she said.

"Abortion is such an important issue that I just couldn't allow this sort of misinformation to go unchallenged," Ms Harriden said. "Not one woman had any input in the creation of this story, which is absurd when you look at the issue being confronted."

At the demonstration, 57 people signed form letters to the *Woroni* editors, detailing problems with the content and layout of the article. Many added their own personal comments to the letters. Fewer people ripped out the feature from the newspaper, primarily because "we ran out of copies to rip" said Ms Harriden.

Judging by the large pile of papers later dumped in the *Woroni* office, approximately 30 copies were destroyed in the rip-out. The Women's Officer rejects criticism that the destruction of copies of *Woroni* stopped students reading the article and forming their own opin-

ion on its worth; she believes that ripping out the offending pages was a "symbolic" protest.

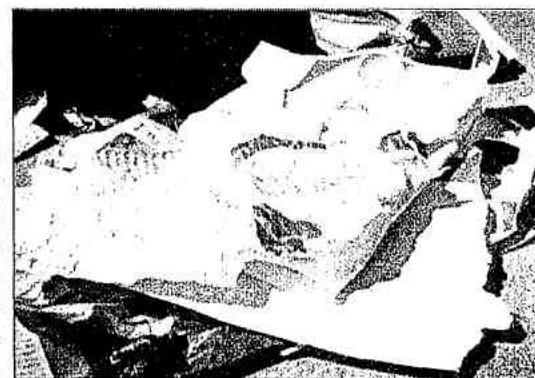
Katie Fraser, *Woroni* Editor-in-Chief, was disappointed at the actions of the Women's Officer, especially after Ms Fraser has "single-handedly inserted a notice of apology in every single copy" of the paper after the problem was drawn to her attention. "The mis-captioned picture was an honest mistake," said Ms Fraser, "and we took every step possible to correct it. There was no malice or intention behind it."

"We talked to the Women's Officer before the 'rip-out', and came to an amicable compromise on how to deal with the situation. The next day Kate Harriden stepped outside that agreement, without telling us, and proceeded to destroy *Woroni's*. What more could we have done?" Ms Fraser said.



(above) Kate Harriden forcefully removes the offending section of *Woroni*

photos: Michael Cook



(above) The poor, pathetic remains of our beloved student newspaper



# Education Officer Resigns as Cuts Loom

by Daniel Heard



The Students' Association has been forced to choose a new Education Officer, following the resignation of Lara Shevchenko from the position.

Lara Shevchenko was the first person to be elected to the position, which came into existence this year. A change of course and other constraints on her time were the driving factors behind her decision.

"I recently transferred from an Arts degree to a Law degree, which I didn't know I was going to do when I nominated for the position. In addition, I'm helping to run the Interschool Debating Competition, so my time demands are much greater now than they were when I nominated. The opportunity cost was becoming too high, basically. Other things would have started to slide, and I felt resigning early was best for everyone, so that a replacement could be elected as soon as possible."

Pressure to act quickly on Arts faculty cuts pushed forward her resignation date; however, the decision was made before the current controversy.

"I think it was largely a case of unfortunate timing that this all came up at the same time as my resignation. The position deserves someone with the time, inspiration and motivation to do the role justice, because the person who fills it this year will be setting it in train for those who follow. I'd just like to wish my colleagues on the Student Association all the best of luck for the following year."

Lara's resignation leaves Student

Association President Harry Greenwell as the only Voice representative in a predominantly Democrat SA. However, this will not prove a problem, said Harry.

"I've been able to work well with the Democrats, and they've all done more than I've expected of them. Having a Majority is not that relevant an issue, as the executive is generally concerned with reaching a reasonable agreement rather than outvoting the opposition."

"I think the rest of the Student Association office holders regard this as unfortunate, but I also think they understand the reasons behind Lara's choice. When she did have the time, she made a good contribution and I think they were grateful for that."

The new education officer, James Connor, was elected at the Students' Association general meeting on Wednesday. According to James, the objectives of his term in office are clear:

"I intend to put education back on the agenda both at ANU and nationally. I'm going to do everything I can to save the Arts faculty and the other faculties about to come under attack. My main focus is the welfare and education quality of students at ANU, so you can expect an immovable stance on cuts to education quality."

James did not think the discontinuity created by Lara's resignation would be a problem. "I was involved in the education campaigns last year and this year. There will be no downtime while I learn the ropes here."

"I'd like to thank Helen Stitt for doing a great job as the acting Education Officer under very trying conditions."

Smokers Rejoice! The ban on smoking in the Uni Bar has been rescinded, effective immediately, after a drop in patronage forced the Union Board to overturn it.

The Board's unanimous vote to again allow smoking in the bar area has been welcomed by Craig Simonetto, Chair of the Union Board. "The Board, I'm very pleased to say, came to its senses in the end over this issue," he said. "It [the Board] realised that we are a student organisation and we have to cater for all students. We can't say to those who enjoy smoking and drinking that we don't cater for them."

"Now we have the old 'Uni Bar atmosphere' back again, that all students can enjoy."

The ban came into effect on December 1, 1997, after then-Union Board member Patrick Mackerras put forward a motion, based on a concern for students' health. He believed students who used the bar were being put at risk of

passive-smoking related problems.

Even so, Mr Mackerras was quoted in *The Canberra Times* as acknowledging that there could be possible financial problems with banning smoking. He stated that "The board knew that it couldn't be certain about what effect the decision would have, but if it's a disaster we could revoke it. We obviously can't continue with the idea if it kills bar trade."

Mr Simonetto believes health concerns for patrons and employees have been addressed by a recently installed, sophisticated air circulation system. Further, the bar area will be a designated non-smoking area when the bar itself is closed, allowing non-smokers to still use the area.

The increase in bar patronage, now smoking is permitted, will allow a bigger and more diverse range of bands to perform at the ANU, Mr Simonetto said. "Just in the next few weeks we've got Everclear and the Tea Party coming - it'll be huge!"

## Prof Dumped from Aust Studies

by Josie Mackay-sim.

Three weeks ago Dr. Jennifer Ruth Terford, Convenor of the Australian Studies programme in the Arts Faculty, was apparently asked to leave the ANU. After lengthy negotiations, her contract with the University was paid out, her position abolished, and the courses she was to teach this semester were cancelled.

It would appear that she was asked to leave for political as well as economic reasons. The job reference the University provided her with, and which she insisted on receiving before releasing the ANU from their contractual obligations to her, is reputedly 'so poor it is not worth the paper it is written on', with the result that she is highly unlikely to find further academic work in Australia. Her reputation as an academic is probably irreparably damaged.

Strangely enough, although the

University does not appear to hold her in high esteem, her former students (arguably the best placed judges of the bulk of her employment duties) describe her as a truly inspiring and exceptional lecturer, and one who also had that quality (rare within large academic institutions) of taking a genuine interest in each individual student. Unfortunately, a reference from her students is unlikely to contribute to her future job prospects or to restore her professional reputation.

In terms of the future prospects of the Australian Studies program at the ANU, it would appear that it has lost its most vocal advocate. Seen within the context of dwindling resources cuts across the Arts Faculty, the University's actions towards Dr Rutherford could be regarded as a clever political manoeuvre, designed to silence, and eventually faze out the Australian Studies programme.

## in brief

### Sauce Wars

The Student Union supermarket, in response to undercutting of its products by other Union stores, has declared a 'Sauce War' on the bakery. Now you can buy tomato sauce only three steps away from the bakery for 5 cents, as compared to the bakery's 20 cents.

John, the proprietor of the supermarket, said he's been "given the shits" by the underhand tactics of other businesses. "We're open seven days a week to provide a service for students, while other businesses just think of their profits. We've been subjected to ridiculous intrusions into our product range, so now we're making the (admittedly childish) response of stepping on other people's turf for a change!"

### Woroni up in SA vote

The ANU student newspaper, *Woroni*, avoided an official SA condemnation after the motion was voted down at the March 25 SRC meeting. Amongst other recommendations in the page-long motion, put forward by Resistance! rep. Chris Williams, it moved: "That the ANUSA condemns *Woroni* for the for the article entitled 'Abortion: Dilemma of Choice' published in the last issue both for the text content of the article, and for the photos of fetuses with blatantly false captions..." The motion was put, it stated, to "educate the student community in that regard [sic]". It lost comprehensively.

### Wik starts this Week

Debate on the Wik legislation, which seeks to overturn Aborigines' common law rights to their land, begins this week. Greens Senator Dee Margetts is opposed to any restriction to Aboriginal rights, and will vigorously oppose the bill. "Ask yourself this question," said the Senator. "Would the Commonwealth Government propose such a programme if the common law rights [which the Wik bill aims to remove] were held by any group of Australians other than Aborigines?"

The Governor General, Sir William Deane, has also weighed into the debate, stating "if we allow the most disadvantaged people in the country to be dispossessed, we are diminished as a nation."

## NUS Referendum 'coming soon'

by Chris Davies

ANU students will vote in a referendum on whether the University joins the National Union of Students "sometime just after Easter", according to Student Association President Harry Greenwell.

Signatures are currently being collected to get the 10% of the ANU student population needed to formally hold a referendum. Each signature must be verified as being of a current ANU student, a painstaking process that is the main reason for the delay.

Whilst in previous years the ANU has voted down affiliation moves with the NUS, Harry believes this year will be different. Four members of the five-person Students' Association executive are for the ANU joining the NUS, and will be actively promoting the Union

in the upcoming campaign.

Harry is confident ANU students' General Services Fee will not rise if the University does join the NUS. "The GSF has been capped at \$180 until 2001. There is a cost associated with joining NUS, but the SA will most likely be able to pay it out of its contingency fund."

The SA President believes we have a responsibility to finally join the union, after 'freeloading' off it for the last few years. "Every major battle they fight for and win - such as Austudy cut-off points - we benefit from, but don't actively help. If we join we will make the union stronger and more representative of all students, and we can actively participate in defending students' rights on the national level."

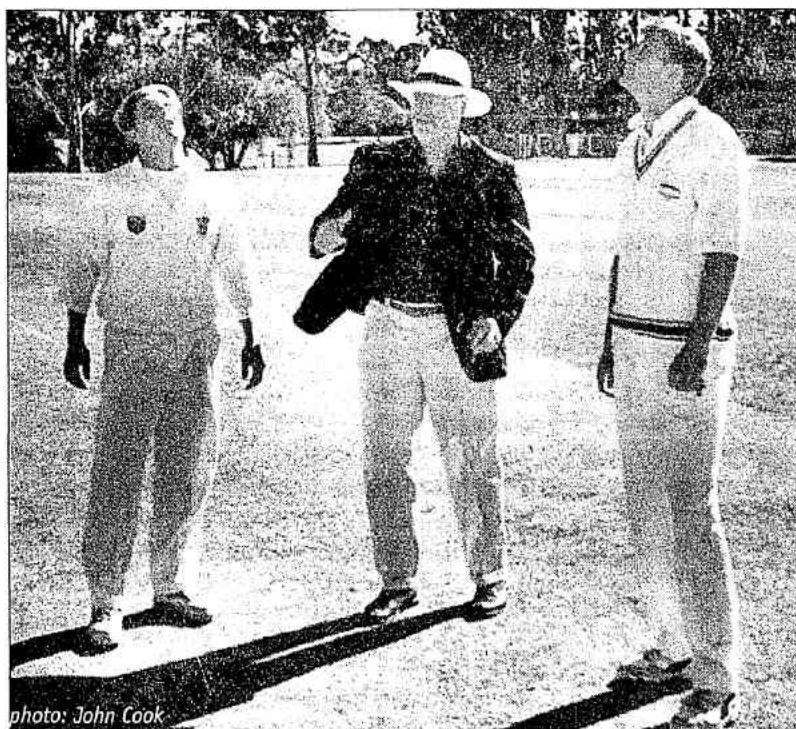


photo: John Cook

(above) ANU Vice-Chancellor Deane Terrell tosses as the two captains look on at the Annual Town and Gown cricket match, held in early March. Gown apparently went on to win comfortably, but there is some confusion over the exact result.



# Campus View

Jasmine, 4th Yr Science/Law

- 1) Have you ever been trapped in a pyramid selling scheme?
- 2) Who's your favourite Students' Association representative?
- 3) Where do you nominate as the seediest spot in Canberra?



- 1) No. Fortunately I've been able to avoid the Forces of Amway.
- 2) How could I choose just one?
- 3) The Uni Bar.



Harry and Allonse, Burgmann Boys

- 1) No, mate. Nobody cons us into that shit. Trust us.
- 2) It would have to be that guy...Umm, you know him. The bloke with the big nose.
- 3) Burgmann College!

His Holiness Pope John Paul II, Head of the Roman Catholic Church



- 1) I'm now the CEO of the biggest in the world
- 2) Monsigneur Harry Greenwell
- 3) Have you been to Krakow? It Makes Canberra look like the Vatican on Good Friday!

## Arts Fight Hits TV

ANU students' fight against the cuts to the Arts Faculty has reached national attention, following the extensive coverage given to the issue by the ABC's 7:30 Report. In a recent program, 7:30 Report host Kerry O'Brien interviewed ANU Arts Society President Mathew Nogrady. The following is an edited transcript:

Mat, it seems that despite the amount of protest going on, a lot of people are confused, misinformed and consequently uninterested about "The Cuts". Firstly, what is the current situation?

Well, Kerry, the Arts Faculty supposedly has a projected \$490 000 budget deficit this year, the accounting of which is vehemently disputed by the NTEU, staff and students. Vice-Chancellor Deane Terrell insists this deficit must be paid back in a single financial year, refusing to contribute some of the university's General Contingency Funds of nearly \$2.3 million or the accumulated surplus it added to last year. The deficit amounts to the cutting of 7 staff positions by mid year, or because of the supposedly accumulating nature of the deficit, 14 staff positions (of a possible 120) by the year's end.

So who do you see as having responsibility for these decisions?

Kerry, some student and staff have directed their anger at the Dean of the Arts Faculty, because he is the man with the 'smoking gun', making decisions about how to implement cuts (e.g. the axing of first year Russian) and consequently running the gauntlet of vituperation. However he is compelled to be responsible for allocation funds which are granted by the Administration through Council. These bodies are the real villains here, because their Faculties Funding Model (which divides money between the faculties by a secret formula) represents a thinly-veiled agenda of bias and priority: the sacrificing of liberal arts at Australia's national university, the support of other faculties and pet projects.

What are these? I didn't realise that ANU played favourites between its Schools and Faculties... And how does Federal politics come into this?

Yes Kerry, it's true. For example, the VC has created an entirely new post-graduate scholarship fund to the tune of \$612 000 this year, with a further \$243 000 in both 1999 and 2000 — paid for from the General Contingency Fund. These pet areas are intended to support Deane Terrell's wet dream of ANU's international prestige, his fantasy income projections from full-fee-paying students, and

of course the politico-economic currents in which our little fish swims: the Liberal Party and private enterprise.

The spirit of Liberal government also pervades ANU in the form of the VCs' visionary response to funding cuts: He has told the faculties to raise money through their own business enterprises, which for Arts means privatising Departments and charging fees. This month Modern European Languages actually faced the real prospect of becoming a private Canberra languages centre, selling Certificate-style courses to diplomats, public servants, politicians (and maybe students). Due to protest, it will be integrated with Classics and instead, and lose at least one staff member.

The liberal arts are in decline all over

Australia, for the simple reason that they are almost valueless in economic-rationalist terms. Culture doesn't create GDP, uranium does. So what if the labour units of Australia work their whole lives with Murdoch TV as their cultural sustenance and spiritual enlightenment? The Liberal government doesn't care, and cuts education funding knowing that universities will prioritise disciplines which attract students who can pay, or



Mat in a pensive mood moments before the interview

students who want to get an income and thus contribute to the economy immediately. The ANU Administration is complicit in this 'burning of the books' by cutting back Arts — despite the existence of huge contingency funds, and precedents for their use to maintain staff and subjects.

How are the cuts being executed?

This is the issue that all ANU students should be really worried about - the Rule of the EFTSU. The courses being cut back are generally those which don't attract 'enough' students, thus the concept of retaining studies on their academic merit has disappeared. This particularly insidious development, the harbinger of a nation's terminal drift towards Fascism, means that we are not far short of higher powers effectively being able to dictate what is studied and disseminated. Look at some of the specific areas under threat recently: women's studies, Australian studies, Aboriginal studies, political science, history (in which Australian history is particularly renowned at ANU)... and in the sciences, for instance, the coming closure of the Alternative Energy Research Centre (go, figure). I don't see a conspiracy *per se*, but the tendency of a right-wing system.

Thank you very much for coming on the program tonight, Mat.

You're welcome, Kerry.

And now to another important problem facing Australia...

## women's department

Greetings Warrior Princesses! Well, who would have thought we would have to show our fighting strength so early in the year? *Woroni's* lack of thought forced the women's office to get active. On Tuesday the 17th of March, there was a quickly put together meeting of SA executive, *Woroni* editors and me to sort out a quick way of addressing the main concerns the office had in regards to the misleading captioning in the abortion article. As a result the editors inserted leaflets to clarify the matter and should be offering a full apology in this edition. The next day we had another meeting, at the instigation of *Woroni* editors, to discuss a way of reducing these kinds of problems. We are trialling a checking procedure for the next couple of issues. We'd appreciate any feedback you may have...

While the *Woroni* editors are to be congratulated for their prompt response to the concerns of our department, it was felt some more collective action needed to be taken, so that people who felt strongly about this could express

their feelings. And that is why there was a rip out in union court yard on Thursday March 19. This basically involved people signing letters of disapproval for *Woroni's* actions and ripping out the page with the mislabelled images. Fifty seven people (male and female) signed letters (with more to come) and if we would have had more *Woroni's*, more people would have ripped out the page. Thanks to all those people who supported the women's office — I have no doubt we sent *Woroni* a message it won't ignore.

The committees are starting to come together — ring the office (6279 8514) to see if there is one that you may like to play a part in. If you are interested in Radio, Sexual harassment/safety, helping with blue stocking week or publishing things, abortion or aboriginal/islander issues, there is something for you to do!

The next collective meeting is on Monday April 6 at 5pm. Please come along to the Rapunzel room (ground floor Crisp Building) and get involved.

— Kate Harriden

## sexuality department

The time has come to have a meeting of the Department, which has been scheduled for Wednesday, May 27 at 1pm in The Bridge. This is your chance to voice your opinions about the SexDept. Come and tell us what we're doing right or wrong, what you would like for us to be doing and in which direction the SexDept should be going.

This is also your chance to vote in two Sexuality Officers. Pippa and I will be resigning our positions in order to elect a new persons to the position. Nominations for the positions, open from Semester 2 onwards, can be submitted now. If you would like to nominate yourself, or know someone who you think would be right for the job, drop in a written nomination to the office on or before Monday, May 25. To be an officer, all you need to be is an openly queer-identifying undergraduate student at the ANU. You should also have an open mind, have good communication skills, have a lot of hours available should the need arise and also have a thick skin. I hope that a lot of you will consider nominating for the position, as it is quite a valuable learning experience.

By the time this article goes to print, our new posters should be up and around on campus. The Kate Carnell 'Stop the Violence' campaign is still not ready to be launched. We have to wait for the go ahead from the Australian Federal Police, as the poster is also promoting their new Lesbian & Gay Liaison

Officers' Scheme, which is not fully running yet. However, the 'Famous Slogans' campaign is back from the printers and I'll do a poster run as soon as I have the time, so have a look for those. Thanks must go to Pippa Wischer, who designed the posters, and also to all our models, including Rodd (last year's Jellybabies president).

And while I'm dishing out the thanks, I'd like to reiterate my appreciation to all the people and organisations who have supported the SexDept over the last couple of months, particularly Karen and Bronwyn from the SA, and also Katherine Giles, our social officer, who I forgot to thank in my last article for all her help during O-Week. And of course I would like to reiterate our appreciation of our major sponsor *Champions Headquarters* for their ongoing support and funding, which has paid for a large chunk of our printing costs for the various campaigns and Queer Handbook this year. Check out their store in Fyshwick if you get a chance.

Last but not least, thanks must go to Pippa Wischer for all her hard work in the Department last year, which was most appreciated by many students.

Cheers,  
Matt, Sexuality Officer  
6279-8514  
sexdep@sudent.anu.edu.au  
http://student.anu.edu.au/Dept/Sexuality\_Dept

# Opinion





(above) Harry makes his point at the rally on Thursday

# President's Report

## Arts Faculty Woes

The Arts Faculty, as most of you already know, is in strife. On March 13th, at a meeting of Council, and on the March 18th, at a meeting with the VC, I put the case in its defense. Unfortunately, I have little good news to report. Below I have summarised the arguments I put to the VC, and his response and my response to his response (and his response to ... only kidding). Needless to say, there are several aspects of his response with which I disagree and I will continue to argue the point wherever possible.

At both meetings, I argued strongly that the ANU should:

- a) place a greater priority on retaining a diversity of courses through its funding system;
- b) improve the transparency of its system of distributing funding;
- c) provide contingency funds to the Arts Faculty to give it time to deal with its problems;
- d) meet its obligations towards the

first-year Russian students and reinstate the course.

I also tried to convey the sense of disappointment and frustration felt by many students at the reduction in standards in the Faculty.

In response, the Vice-Chancellor announced that the Arts Faculty would not have to balance its budget this year (as had been previously expected), but would have to run a small surplus in 1999. This is a small piece of good news, as it means that less staff will be lost than otherwise. However, the University's current position still seems to ensure that there will be considerable staff losses this year.

The Vice-Chancellor also pointed out that a review of the Faculties Funding Model was about to commence and that it would try to produce a more transparent funding mechanism.

Explaining his position, Prof. Terrell put the following case. My response is included below.

The Arts Faculty carries the largest single accumulated debt in the University, of \$3.1 million. This is the product of three factors: declining enrolments; staff salary increases; and reduced fee income. This debt is a drain on the University's cash flows and consequently, has to be addressed quickly.

Last year the Faculty ran a deficit for the year of about \$1.25 million. This suggests that the Faculty is still living beyond its means. Several departments

have been identified as having staff/student ratios lower than in the past and lower than at other universities. It is these departments, in particular Modern European Languages, which has been targeted for restructuring.

The Arts Faculty receives its funding allocation through the Faculties Funding Model. All changes to this model must be approved by all Deans. However, Arts had already received assistance beyond the

allocation determined by the Model this year (approximately \$250,000 taken out of the allocation for FEIT).

With respect to first-year Russian, the decision was made by the lecturer in consultation with the Head of Department and the Dean on the basis of low enrolments. However, this does not mean that Russian will not be offered in future.

My responses have been as follows:

Primarily, this is an issue of priorities. The Faculties are an integral part of the University and if they are undergoing great strain, the University should do its utmost to make them a high priority. I am not convinced that they have done so. This issue of funding applies not only to Arts, as other Faculties are also doing it tough presently. In particular, the University try to ensure that they do not inflict pain upon innocent parties (ie staff and students) who are not responsible for any of the claimed mismanagement.

*The Faculties are an integral part of the University and if they are undergoing great strain, the University should do its utmost to make them a high priority*

A contentious issue is the Faculties Funding Model. Although changes to the Model to prevent claims that Arts was 'subsidising' other faculties would not have eliminated the faculty's deficit, it may have reduced it considerably. The Funding Model is being reviewed this year, partly because it is perceived as being arbitrary.

Part of the problem in the Faculty is its declining enrolments. First, I believe that it would be preferable if the University assisted Arts in its recent recruitment efforts. However, the retention of courses is important for more than just the number students enrolled. Often subjects have significance to the general community as an area of learning, as Russian does for teachers of Russian in ACT schools. Also, retaining a diversity of courses is essential to providing an environment where students are able to pursue interests as they develop.

At very least, the University should be making funds available out of contingencies or out of one-off surpluses in recognition of the importance of preserving what is currently under threat. In other words, even if we accept that the Faculty has run such large deficits the expectation that the Faculty should be able to turn this around in the space of one year is unreal. The only way this can occur is by gutting significant areas of the Faculty and leaving many students and staff feeling very angry.

# Opinion

## comment comment comment comment comment comment

by Nick Tolley

Voluntary Student Unionism — Is it the Answer?

Every ANU student is forced to pay their \$180 General Service Fee at the start of each academic year. The trade union mentality of no ticket — no start has been translated into a policy of no GSF — no degree.

Although universities jealously guard their independence, their right to free inquiry and free speech, they are all too willing to compromise student's rights to freedom of association. There is nothing wrong with the notion of students organising for common pursuit. Student unionism only becomes objectionable when it is based on compulsory membership and fees.

Student unionism is big business. On our campus this year, \$1.8 million will be collected from students through the GSF. The GSF is a non-academic, compulsorily levied charge on all students that goes towards the maintenance of professional student politician's activities in the Student's Association and supposed subsidies for student services in the Union and Sports Union.

The main argument advanced in support of compulsory membership is that universal student membership harbours more effective representation. However, if students feel they have a need for student political representation they will voluntarily associate in order to provide it. This is the only way in which the value students place on representation can be ascertained. It is clear from the agendas and expenditures of the SA and the low voter turn-out at election

times (usually around 5%) that such an organisation is most unrepresentative of the majority of students.

SA General Meetings are another good example of student government by the politically motivated for the minority. With an average turn-out of less than 0.5% of the student membership for these meetings they can hardly be described as "participatory democracy". The meetings rarely discuss matters of direct relevance to students and are dominated by procedural and factional wrangles.

Effective representation requires that students have the ability to communicate their disapproval of the organisation, whether it is the SA, Union or Sports Union, by withdrawing their funding if they wish. Voluntary membership would ensure that student organisations are both representative and accountable.

There are numerous examples of the abuse of compulsory-acquired student funds by student political organisations around the country. Here at the ANU, our GSF in the past has funded the Central Australian Aboriginal Media Association, the South African Liberation Centre and a Palestinian group. Not to mention numerous (unwanted and defeated) National Union of Students affiliation campaigns and other non-campus electoral contests.

Probably the most blatant abuse of student monies in the most recent past has been the Monash University's \$100,000 funding of the Monash Community Action Centre for political causes including a 'sexuality festival', an animal rights campaign and a gay and

lesbian information booklet.

NUS is the best example of a 'closed shop' union in the country. Apart from being a training ground for the socialist left of the ALP, NUS provides no tangible benefits to students. On those campuses affiliated to NUS, students are forced to pay union fees whether they voted to join NUS or not. NUS exists and commands such a multi-million dollar budget by virtue of compulsory student unionism. Voluntary, individual membership of the national union would force its hierarchy to be accountable to its members and provide quality services to students.

In Western Australia, where VSU legislation has been in place now for several years, their University Guilds have been forced to become more accountable and responsible to their student membership. Where previously UWAs GSF was over \$200 it now costs \$70 for membership of the Guild. Membership entitles students to many more times the services that we receive here at the ANU for nearly three times less than what we pay.

Those who think student organisations have something to offer students have nothing to fear from Voluntary Student Unionism. Because in the end, if students are happy with the service, they'll join. Simple as that.

The only way a student organisation can be effective is if it is accountable to its members. Only voluntary membership can make student organisations, like the SA and NUS, accountable, representative and credible.

## Correction and Apology

In the last issue of *Woroni* an article was published entitled "Abortion: Dilemma of Choice". In the article a picture of a human foetus was used and mistakenly captioned as being at 8 weeks of development. This was a clear error as the foetus used in the image was at a much later stage of development. The editors of *Woroni* would like to point out that this was done unintentionally but duly apologise for any unnecessary stress or trauma this may have caused.



# Head 2 Head

Well, the last issue of *Woroni* caused a little bit of a stir, didn't it? In between votes on official condemnation, 'rip-out' rallies, and floggings of *Woroni* editors in Union Court, the furore raised an important question: what exactly are the rights and responsibilities of the press when confronting a controversial issue? We threw into battle *Woroni* co-editor-in-chief Brendan Shanahan against Kate and Sarah of the Women's Collective to knuckle it out...

Kate and Sarah...

*Woroni's* last issue had a feature article on abortion. Presented as an objective overview with two opinion segments, it also contained a serious 'mistake' and a lack of women's voice. The serious 'mistake' was to incorrectly caption two images of fetuses used in the article. A well developed foetus shown was captioned as being 8 weeks into development. 'Oops' said *Woroni*. Well, oops isn't good enough. The captioning error is very serious - eight weeks is the time that most abortions are performed. To present a substantially developed foetus as one at the common termination time is a case of gross neglect on the part of the editors at the very best. The difference on a biological and emotional level is enormous.

At a broad societal level, editors of publications have a responsibility to fulfil a duty of care to the community that surrounds them. This is made clear in the Code of Ethics which unionised journalists must follow. It is also a requirement of the Students' Association (SA) publication regulations that govern the operation of *Woroni* (article 3.d). This means the editors must consider the effects on the community and those around them of any action they take. Failure to do so is irresponsible in the extreme. Indeed, the editors' failure to properly check the captioning of the article in question means that something more than a 'mistake' was made.

Their irresponsibility is compounded by the use of the images themselves. By showing a complex structure of cells, with the symbolism of humanity, they have created a wrong impression of society, a false impression of society. An impression that is hard to combat. An irresponsible act in extreme.

Many people feel *Woroni* completely failed to recognise the implications of their actions. It has manipulated people's perceptions of the foetus thus influencing their understanding of the debate. Some women spoken to couldn't even look at the photos because it was too stressful for them.

From some people's perspective, it looks as though *Woroni* has chucked together a pretty shoddy article in a rush and nicked some of pro-life pictures of the 'net to add some sensationalism to their story. The fact they failed to notice the incorrect captions is evidence of their lack of familiarity with the issue. Again they have violated article 3.d of the regulations covering their publication ie they have not provided informed editorial comment.

The use of these classic 'pro-life' images, distinguishable by their portrayal of fetuses as cute defenceless babies and the black background which removes the women from the picture (and the debate), while unnecessary to the debate also denies women the opportunity to make decisions free of emotional blackmail and sexist stereotypes. This clearly contravenes section 3(b) of the publication regulations that state the object of *Woroni* is to "provide

a vehicle of information...for Students' Association policy". SA policies are clearly non-sexist, non-racist and non-homophobic.

The responsibility of the editors in relation to sexist, racist and homophobic material is clearly spelled out in Section 5(h). The editors of the previous edition failed to do any of the options outlined, including soliciting the "preparation of critical analyses of the sexism or racism in particular pieces, for publication with them" (Section 5(h)(iii)). A bottom line definition of sexism (and the other 'isms') exists in Section 5 (l) (i). It includes "anything

Brendan...

The last issue of *Woroni* published an article on abortion which we the editors found highly inoffensive, even unremarkable, but has raised the ire of a few to the extent that this week's debate has decided to raise the issue of the rights and responsibilities of the media.

The stink began when the ANU Women's Officer, Kate Harridan, noticed that we had incorrectly captioned a picture of a foetus at about five months of development as being at only two. We met with her and others, apologised and decided that we would put leaflets in all the available copies of *Woroni* in

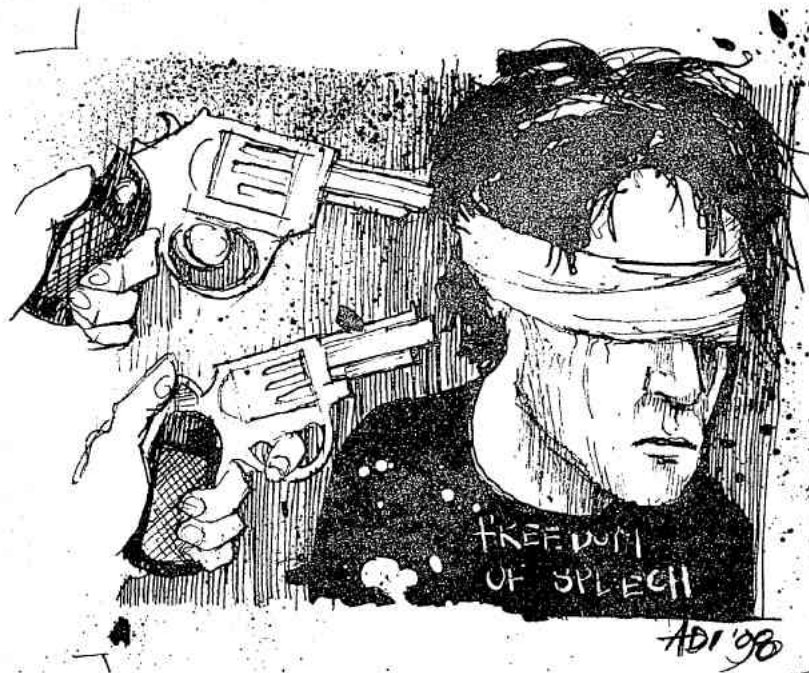
So herein lies the first lesson in good media - "When you have made a mistake, correct it". This we did promptly and ungrudgingly, but it's the more complex issues raised by this incident that really began to make one wonder exactly what it is that is expected of the media by individuals with special interests.

Kate's decision to rip up *Woroni* was clearly because she was unhappy with the article. Fine - in principle. Obviously everyone is allowed to feel unhappy with the presentation of an issue close to their heart - no matter how illogical their reasoning may or may not be. What someone does not have the right to do is to tell someone else that they do not have the right to read something for themselves in order to make up their own bloody minds.

When Kate suggested that we rip out the page we refused simply because it would deny others the chance to see what was written and decide for themselves whether or not the article was pro or anti-abortion, good or bad, dull or sensational. So when one individual (elected by only about ten people I might add) decides that they are the one capable of making a decision about what the ANU students and staff should and shouldn't be able to read then this is clearly a dangerous infringement on free speech, reminiscent of some of history's most shameful periods of censorship.

Which brings me to a second vital point. The media is not an organ that produces things the public ought to be reading. When *Woroni* published a picture taken at Summernats last year that showed a girl lifting her top to a crowd of male onlookers we were criticised for giving a sexist, negative portrayal of women. The people who complained however clearly have difficulty understanding that there are still many, many women in the world who behave like this and do so under no pressure or coercion in the least. What the protesters wanted to see was a nice, safe, bland image of the world where everyone behaves in an appropriately politically correct manner where no one chooses to simply ignore the fact that they are being viewed as a sex object.

The role of the journalist however is not one of the propagandist. The journalist is under a duty to tell things how he or she sees it, whether the readers consider it a pretty picture or not. And they have the responsibility to give both sides of the argument whether or not one side may like hearing the reverse or not. So when Kate Harridan and others suggest that we somehow have a responsibility to never print anything anti-abortion they are basically saying that they feel in such a position of moral superiority that theirs is to say what is right to be thought and what isn't. This is a position that neither I nor any of the other *Woroni* editors will ever accept, and it is a position that you the reader ought to be outraged over.



that discredits or mitigates against the achievement of, women's autonomy and or mitigates against the achievement of, women's autonomy and self-respect".

Other matters that we have attempted to raise with *Woroni* regarding its treatment and presentation of women and homosexuals have been met with the dubious claim that it is 'parody' and therefore funny. Section 5 (l) (iii) of the publication regulations is quite unequivocal about the use of humour: "The editor should exercise care on the basis of an understanding that sexism and racism [and homophobia] can be explicit or implicit, and that humour can be a vehicle for sexism and racism [and homophobia]".

While we support a 'free' press, it must be added that the press can only be truly free as long as it acts responsibly towards all in the community. Indeed, it could be argued that the media has a special role in protecting the rights of minorities by using its power to challenge and combat negative stereotypes that are rampant in the community. As a result we have no qualms with the idea of some controls on the media (and in particular *Woroni*) to prevent further misinformation being spread around the community. To control/monitor accuracy is not censorship as we are attempting to control something that is objective and countable.

addition to putting an apology/clarification in this issue. Clearly this reasonable course of action did not satisfy Kate who was so dead keen on ripping out the offending page that she held her own protest during which she ripped up a about 30 copies of the paper.

As it turns out Kate was not only unhappy with incorrect caption but with the general tone of the article which she characterised as blatantly anti-abortion - and thus required of a good ripping. Kate felt that because *Woroni* had attempted to be as balanced as possible by including both pro and anti-abortion interviews and opinion pieces that this had constituted sexism.

Whilst this was all very entertaining and, eventually, fascinating, it also raises very interesting questions about the rights and responsibilities held by the media and the media's relationship with its audience.

*Woroni* fully admits that we got the caption wrong and decided to do more than what most publications could be bothered doing in attempting to correct the mistake (putting 3000 leaflets into every single issue is mind numbing at best). What we will not accept is the charge that we somehow did this on purpose out of some editorial, anti-abortion bias in an attempt to make women who'd had abortions feel guilty. This charge, levelled at us by a number of people is not only ludicrous but, frankly, offensive.

debate



# letters

## Woroni sparks abortion debate

Dear Woroni Editors,  
We wish to express our regret at your complete carelessness in editing by allowing obviously incorrect captioning for the photos in the abortion article. All of the fetuses displayed were well past eight weeks development. This editing problem has the potential to cause a great deal of stress to women all over campus.

Many women question the need for such images at all. They add nothing to the impartiality of a story, being added largely for sensation value. Sensationalising abortion using images such as these shows an outrageous lack of sensitivity for women who have had, or may be considering having, and abortion. For most women the decision to terminate is difficult and emotionally demanding. To sensationalise and then have such sloppy editing standards is a huge insult to the integrity and decisions of women who have, or will have to, face the question of whether to terminate or not.

Further, we would like to express our disappointment and outrage at the complete lack of a women's voice in this article. This issue affects women far more directly than any man. The complete lack of a woman's voice only adds to the image of Woroni as a publication that has no understanding of women's place in contemporary society.

Editor's note:

The above letter was signed by fifty-one people, whose names cannot be printed because not all of the signatures were completely legible. The letter was signed with additions made by another six people. Their additions are printed below.

"The whole paper is out of touch and irrelevant. Pretentious and arrogant seem to sum up the attitudes of those who run this paper."

"I do agree with the objection of using as misleading picture of a supposed eight week foetus — it seems to be a purposefully provocative and sensationalised graphic. But I am reluctant to sign my name as support for this letter's last paragraph — this is a separate issue and its conclusion perhaps goes too far."

"This is absolutely disgusting and shameful!!!"

"Abortion is very painful and needs no more insensitive things like this."

"Once again, great work Woroni. Cheers, hugs and kisses."

## Rock bums

Dear Woroni,  
Do my eyes deceive me? Am I really seeing this? I was casually browsing through your second rate publication the other day when I came across the section 'Buttology Profile'. Now I am no expert on buttocks (despite what some would tell you), but I have decided these buttocks (and visible genitalia) look very familiar. I have pondered long and hard as to where I had seen them (the buttocks and genitalia) before, and I have an answer. Does the song 'I have a date' mean anything to you? How about the Vans Warped Tour? Or the band 'The Vandals'? Or indeed, my ignorant friends, the name WARREN FITZGERALD. As in the legendary Vandals guitarist, who often will shed his clothes in the spirit of both music and fun. Surely this picture was taken at the

Milton/Ulladulla Vans Warped festival, when Mr. Fitzgerald decided he would remove his clothes and swing around from the top of the stage totally naked (much to the amusement/horror of the crowd), all whilst singing 'I have a date'. And if it is indeed Warren Fitzgerald in this photo (as I am now sure it is), then who is the guilty one who sent you this picture, claiming to own those buttocks and visible genitalia? Are you so easily fooled by the things people send to you? Will you trust anyone and everything? From this could we draw that you voted Liberal in the last election? You, the staff of Woroni, are obviously blatantly ignorant individuals who deserve to 'Burn in hell, with ash stuffed in your eyes, and acid on your flesh' (to quote the Vandals song 'Nothings going to ruin my holiday' from the ever impressive album *Christmas with the vandals*).

From,

—Patrick Brew. 1st year Commerce (please don't hold this against me).

## Woroni makes more mistakes

Dear Editor,

It is true that the Department of English and Theatre Studies is "feeling the pinch" as your correspondent says (in brief, issue 2, volume 50), as are all Arts departments. But I would like to correct one or two factual errors. The part-time teaching funds we applied for were indeed cut. English received 34% of its claim, Theatre Studies less than 25%.

The relevant committee of the Department met and examined ways in which we could meet these reductions while retaining the maximum possible contact time in tutorials. We decided to reduce later-year tutorials to 1.5 hours, effectively cutting overall contact in those units by one sixth. No cuts were made to first year or Honours. Needless to say, staff contact hours have risen steeply.

We regret any diminishment to the education we give and appreciate the concern of your correspondent.

Happily students at the ANU are still better off than those at a major metropolitan Australian university not so far from here where in some later-year Arts units there are no tutorials at all.

Yours sincerely,

—David Parker

Reader and Head Department of English and Theatre Studies  
ANU Canberra ACT 0200 Australia

## Someone likes us

Dear Madam/Sir

First, my congratulations for the generally even-handed manner in which you discussed the divisive issue of abortion and rights to "choice" in the March edition of Woroni. I was pleased that you did not merely denigrate or crudely caricature the pro-life position.

At the end of the main article a number of abortion referral services were listed but I noticed that you did not provide the details of a vital service in the ACT for those women who take the courageous decision NOT to abort but are without appropriate accommodation or financial support. The details for those needing this service are:

KARINYA HOUSE

Tel. 62598998

Karinya House offers a caring, non-denominational community

based service to women before birth and a place to stay after the child has been delivered. A brief response to the article by Paul, who argued that what is most important is "respect for the individual's [a pregnant woman] right to control their own body..." This for me reveals the problem of couching the abortion debate in terms of 'rights' language. A woman's right to control her own fertility and reproduction fails to acknowledge the complexity of the fact that the child within her womb also has 'rights'. And, of course, what more fundamental right is there than to be allowed to exist? This places the pregnant women in a position of awesome responsibility and potential self-sacrifice for the sake of the life of the child.

Those, like me, who recognise the unborn child as a human being and have strong moral and religious commitments may wish to pray for the women who will abort, the unborn who die in their thousands each year and for those who procure and perform these terminations. Do not confuse us with the individuals in the United States who will kill abortionists and will acost pregnant women outside abortion clinics. How can 'Paul' possibly conceive of public prayer as in any way equivalent to the horror of killing an unborn child? Our concern is properly for life, not with judgement. Leave that for the courts and for God.

Given my personal view that every procured abortion is a moral evil I would especially like to thank Tom Reeves for his article entitled, "Moral is not a dirty word." Indeed it is not!

Yours sincerely

—Jerome Brown

(Undergraduate in Arts)

## Craig in more trouble

Dear Woroni,

Craig Simonetto just couldn't manage to contain his racism in his article for HEAD 2 HEAD last issue. Such phrases referring to Aboriginal students as "putting Ma and Pa Australia's tax dollars to work at the Unibar" as if all Aboriginal people are on welfare, and "natives of the ANU" clearly demonstrate that Craig is just as racist as the rest of his party but even worse at hiding it. Apart from his blatant racism Craig also had many other stupid things to say such as reeling off a long list of political misdeeds at this campus none of which actually involved anarchists or were at all relevant to what went on at Market Day and coming up with pathetic pseudo-psychological explanations for our behaviour none of which were true or relevant. Craig also backpedalled on his previous lies about us destroying an Australian flag but repeated his allegations about violence, even though Craig started what little violence there was, and then went on to attack the SA for not condemning our (non-existent) violence. Finally even though we weren't violent on Market Day we do not accept the State's (including the Liberal students) monopoly on violence and we will defend ourselves by any means necessary.

—name withheld

## Tree frog knows nothing about rap

To Tree Frog,

Just because you once happen to listen to rap music doesn't qualify you to

speak for its current state ("face it, the Golden Age isn't coming back".) While the album you reviewed admittedly is crap, there are plenty of artists, old and new, keeping the genre alive. Check out De La, KRS - 1, Camp Lo, The Roots, A Tribe Called Quest, The Pharcyde and Common for a breath of fresh air. Believe it or not nobody hates the current wave of commercial Puffysque rap more than die-hard hip-hop listeners. If any Golden Age does return, people like you will be the last to know about it, as the best artists almost always stay relatively underground. Think twice before your next review.

—Cane Toad

## ANU problems can be solved through violence

Dear Woroni,

As a former student of the ANU, it is interesting to hear of the recent outbreaks of politically motivated violence on campus. Some old punk guy once said "Anger is an Energy", and it disappoints me to see it not being harnessed in a much more entertaining and profitable manner at my old school.

My suggestion (and to those familiar with the Ultimate Fighting craze in America, it is an obvious one) is to initiate a similar tournament at the ANU. Can I also suggest a tag-team format, where each political party (I guess you anarchists who do not believe in the inherently evil and capitalist party system can play too) selects two of their least weedy members as representatives.

As in its American counterpart each ANU team would choose appropriate (and scary) nick names and don outfits best representing their political allegiances. Perhaps Craig "The Free Market Enforcer" Simonetto could sharpen his cufflinks and wear a pair of his beloved Aussie flag Boxer shorts, double stitched of course for extra durability (and to withstand the vice-like grip of Peter "The Feral Peril" Jovanovic). Peter and the other anarchistic player could sport khaki and hessian-plated body armour, and attach broken glass (perhaps from the broken shop fronts of the bourgeoisie) to their flailing dreadlocks.

In the second heat those old sparing partners Resistance and the Socialist Workers could be pitted against each other in a "winner takes all the naive first years signed up at market day battle for supremacy". Unfortunately those Resistance wussies have embraced non-violence, and would seem unlikely to be able to match the "street-fighten" prowess of the Socialist Workers who have been known to resort to underhand yet totally legal tactics such as loud hailer abuse, gollying, as well as their famous and incomprehensible "Racist and Corrupt" chant (this was first used with frightening success by thousands of Zulu warriors descending on British soldiers in the South African Zulu wars of the 1800s). It was resurrected late last year with the imminent journalistic threat of current Woroni co-editor Brednan Shanahan. He has been so enveloped with fear, and has scarcely ventured back onto socialist turf ever since (ie - those bastions of socialism the Wig and Pen and the Phoenix, where the enormous profits from charging \$3.00 for a schooner of Tooheys Red must be channelled as funds for the forthcoming proletarian revolution).

The winners of the respective heats would then fight each other for the title of Ultimate Fighters ANU Student Politics Division. Possible prizes could be:

1. A years subscription to the ANU Reporter
2. Free use of the Haydon Allen Tank
3. A ride in one of the Grounds and Buildings motorised golf carts
4. President, SA 1999

If this suggestion was implemented both students and politicians could benefit. Students can see these fuckwitted politicians beat each other senseless (Cheers to that) and the eventual winner of the bouts will gain what he or she has dreamed of - a paid student/political position. Thank you for your indulgence. —Pierre Cardigan.

PS Bags personally fighting that lard assed blonde fucker from the socialist wankers - he really sux.

## Union food cartels: it's a conspiracy

Dear Woroni,

I read in my student diary that the ANU Union was meant to provide discounted services for students. What a joke! I want to know who runs this show and where the money from expensive union lunches goes. I consider myself a veteran bargain hunter when it comes to my lunch time feed, however I can never be bothered bringing lunch to Uni (I know I'm not alone). When I eat lunch on the run I usually opt for an old favourite...the salad sandwich. It is traditionally cheap and very healthy. When in Civic, I expect to pay \$1.80 for my sandwich (see Yum-Yum Tree in Bailey's Corner). My discounted student price at the new ANU Union is \$2.60!

No matter what combination of fillings you choose you won't buy better at the "new improved" ANU Union. This is just one example; Katarina's price for a can of drink is \$1.40! Wise customers will know that similar cans can be bought for \$1.00 at the Acton supermarket (always cheap). I know that these cans are sold wholesale for less than 50 cents! Frankly this 'discounted price' disgusts me!

It is true that a luke-warm tub of stale 'rice and meat' has sold for \$7.50 or more on many occasions. This food is warmed up compost! Has anyone else noticed that black-bean beef tastes exactly the same as ginger chicken?

As general service fee paying students, we don't have to put up with this crap! I'm no 'socialist', but it is true that change won't happen without revolution. If you don't like it I suggest you mention it when you buy your meal or better still take it up with the 'executive chief' at the Union.

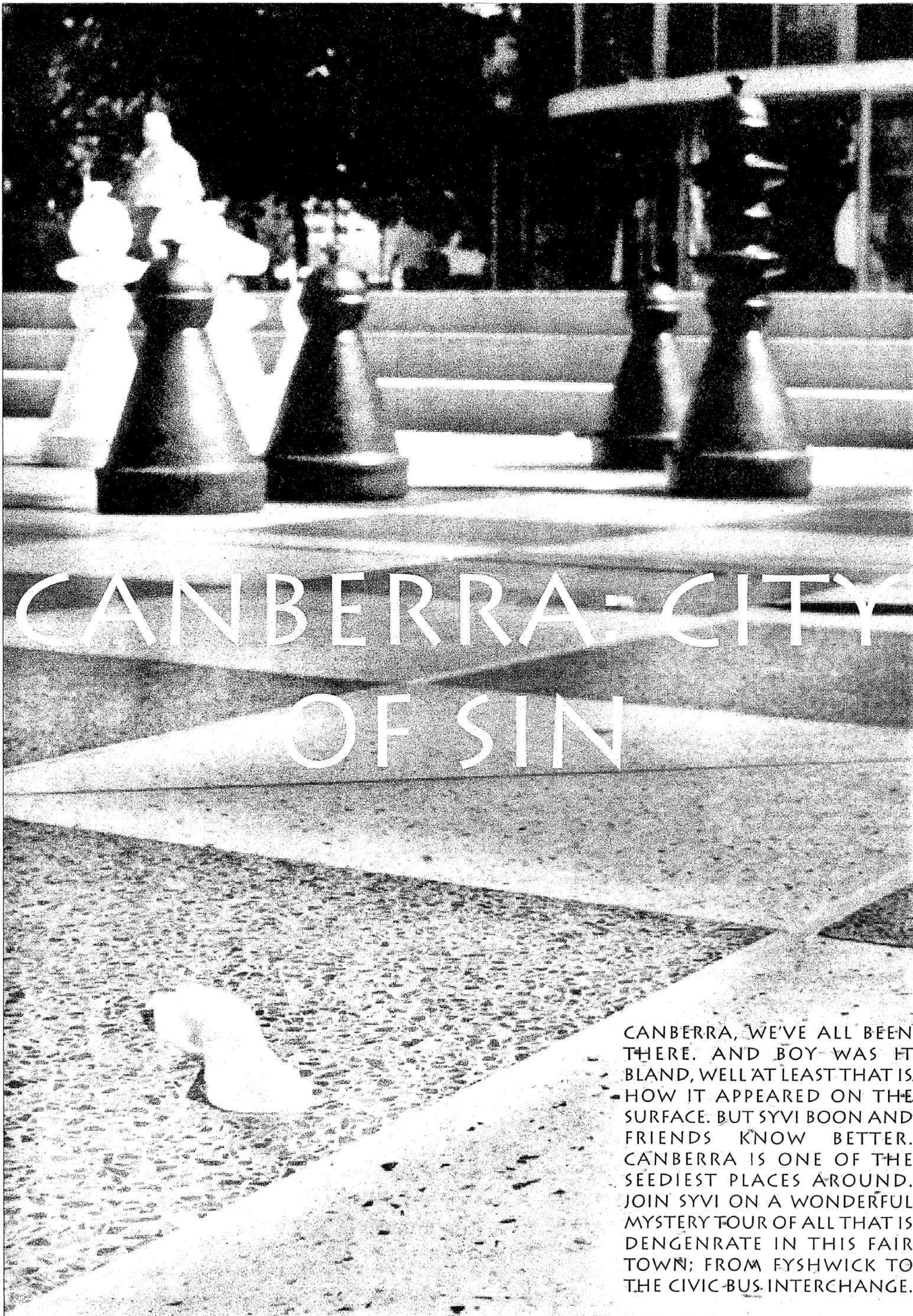
On a final note, why do the shop assistants wear that rubber glove on one hand when they take your money with it, before making your meal? Surely this is not right. And how much money was spent on those renovations downstairs and how many extra staff do they have to pay to stand at each booth...is this where my money went?

Please comrades, join me in a united struggle.

—Disgruntled.

If you've got letters just drop them into the Woroni office at the Students Association or e-mail on woroni\_articles@student.anu.edu.au or try faxing on (02) 62493967.





CANBERRA, WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE. AND BOY WAS IT BLAND, WELL AT LEAST THAT IS HOW IT APPEARED ON THE SURFACE. BUT SYVI BOON AND FRIENDS KNOW BETTER. CANBERRA IS ONE OF THE SEEDIEST PLACES AROUND. JOIN SYVI ON A WONDERFUL MYSTERY TOUR OF ALL THAT IS DENGENRATE IN THIS FAIR TOWN; FROM FYSHWICK TO THE CIVIC-BUS INTERCHANGE.

Photos by Jason Richardson



Utter the word "Canberra" in polite society and you'll immediately be inundated with descriptions of this glorious governmental Mecca. Either that, or people will exclude you from future party lists as the social equivalent of a walking faux pas. Medicinal descriptions seem to emerge, so that you begin to wonder whether your friends are confusing the national capital with their last visit to the hospital. Sterile suburbs. Antisepticville. Soulless city. Clichéd but capturing the image of Canberra life. Planned to perfection, Canberra is a maze of circular roads, centring upon pristine public icons of national significance. Cuboid concrete buildings stand solidly along the streets of Civic, defining a city without a CBD. Walk along the streets and you'll notice a plethora of public servants, clad in suits, bearing bureaucratic briefcases and scurrying between departmental buildings. Gaze up to the sky and you'll see an expanse of perfect blue pierced by the imposing Telstra tower, looking like a cross between a Simpsons cartoon and a Star Trek episode. Head to the suburbs and you'll explore the wide streets and elusive cul de sacs of Canberra, each with a belt of bush around them to eliminate the big city feel. This is Canberra.

And this is Canberra life. Take a trip on an Action bus around Bruce and you will wonder where the tour guide is for this Australian version of Disney's theme park. Soon you'll start looking for the plastic figurines with their automated movements by the side of the road. Wonder along the streets of Civic on a Friday night and attempt (unsuccessfully) to discover the secret of Canberra night life. Bemoan the banality of Canberra life and join the cacophony of university students with their chorus of boredom. Canberra is like a school prefect; a city upheld by others to see, well-presented, intelligent but with about as much excitement as a one night stand with the Prime Minister.

**'CANBERRA IS LIKE A SCHOOL PREFECT: A CITY UPHELD BY OTHERS TO SEE, WELL PRESENTED, INTELLIGENT BUT WITH ABOUT AS MUCH EXCITEMENT AS A ONE NIGHT STAND WITH THE PRIME MINISTER.'**

Or so it seems. Can such a fairy floss city be real? A giant family of public servants, all united in admiration for the beloved Johnny Howard and his political parentage? I think not. Within the boredom of bureaucracy there must be a badness waiting to be discovered, is there a crack in this concrete facade? Does Canberra have seedy side to its soul? Having heard the rumours of Canberra crazies, the heroin haven in Civic and the Fyshwick fantasies that would even cause many a pimply schoolboy to shudder, my journalistic team decided to explore the skeletons in the Capital's closets. And so we went, note-pads in hand, into the concrete jungle of Civic. Our mission: to search for the Holy Grail of Grot.

From the university to Civic, we trudged, dragging our weary feet and preparing for the long fight that lay ahead. Yet we were soon to behold the bastion of badness, for it lay before our eyes in its stark glory: the Canberra Bus Interchange. Ill-disguised as place of travelling and transport, the Canberra Bus Interchange is actually the epicentre of the Canberra underlife. Yes, yes, I hear you laugh, Moosehead's may be one step closer to a cess pit than you'd like and Zorro's certainly is the capital of Pantera-clothed Booners but that certainly doesn't make it the seedy soul of Canberra. But behind this nightclub facade, there exists an even less salubrious side than Club X and the Privaté Bin.

Leaving the caffeine haven of Cafe Macchiato, our team of wanderers made their way past the dodgy pizza place towards Zorro's. Gazing longingly into the shopfront of the Croissant D'Or (despite the redolent smells of vomit in the street - we investigative wanderers are made of stern stuff), we turned left into a glass door and began climbing the narrow stairs. The staircase smelt strongly of tobacco and the stairs were dark and dingy. We did not know what lay ahead. At the top of the stairs, a guy sat behind the desk, encircled in a suspicious aura of incense. On top of the desk, a basket of swabs and plastic packaged needles grabbed our attention. So sanitary and benign. Looking slightly stoned, the guy asked if he could help. "Is this the needle exchange?" "ye."

We left the stoned secretary and through to the room next door. In one corner, a couple of sickeningly idealistic school students were sitting listening wide-eyed, as a supervisor who had obviously worked for far too long with smackheads sat talking. Opposite, in a couple of old settees, sat four men. The addicts. Wizen, thin and wearing long sleeves, they all looked in their fifties. The meeting had an uncanny resemblance to a Bible study; the sombre expressions, hushed voices and close-knit encounter. But these men weren't Jesus junkies, just old smackheads. Pleasant smackheads, nonetheless. In fact, far friendlier than most of the pissed, rugby-jerseyed, walking 'wanna

have sex' sandwich-board boys that frequent the Moose.

These men, with their dirty clothes and ill-fed bodies had been using for years and would continue until they died. Inside the needle exchange they were provided with a little warmth and a chance to minimise the risk of intravenous infection. Sitting opposite these men and interviewing them in our bootleg black pants, leather heeled shoes and ironed T-shirts, we felt like complete plonkers. Absolute conservative cretins. Take a walk on the wild side. Instead we left and made our way down the stairs, back to the Bus Interchange.

Within the boundaries of the Bus Interchange, we turned left around the corner. Passing Quatro, we walked up Alinga Street until we wandered into the Community Aid Abroad Shop. Community Aid Abroad, with its semi-lit interior and vaguely exotic aroma, is a shelter from the inhospitable concrete seats of the bus interchange. Relaxed and genuinely good-humoured, the staff at CAA are amused by the unusual clientele that the shop entices. From gothics to grandmothers, school kids and junkies, all have at one time visited CAA. Most are friendly but occasionally a sinister streak emerges. "When I first started work here, we had a bad bout with shoplifters," one volunteer recalled. "A couple, in their twenties, had come in on a Saturday afternoon. The girl tried on a dress in the change-room, emerged, decided not to take the dress and then went to hang it up again. As she was wandering around the shop, my boss noticed the girl slip the dress into her bag. While I waited behind the counter, my boss approached girl as she was leaving, asking to check her bag. The dress was in there. We had to keep her behind the counter while we called the police. She was crying. Meanwhile, her psycho boyfriend began to abuse me and my boss, threatening to kill us, saying he knew where we lived and all sorts of crazy stuff. Anyway, the police finally came, taking the girl to the police station where they cautioned her. In the mean time her boyfriend was intermittently abusing us and then crying. It was entirely bizarre. I had

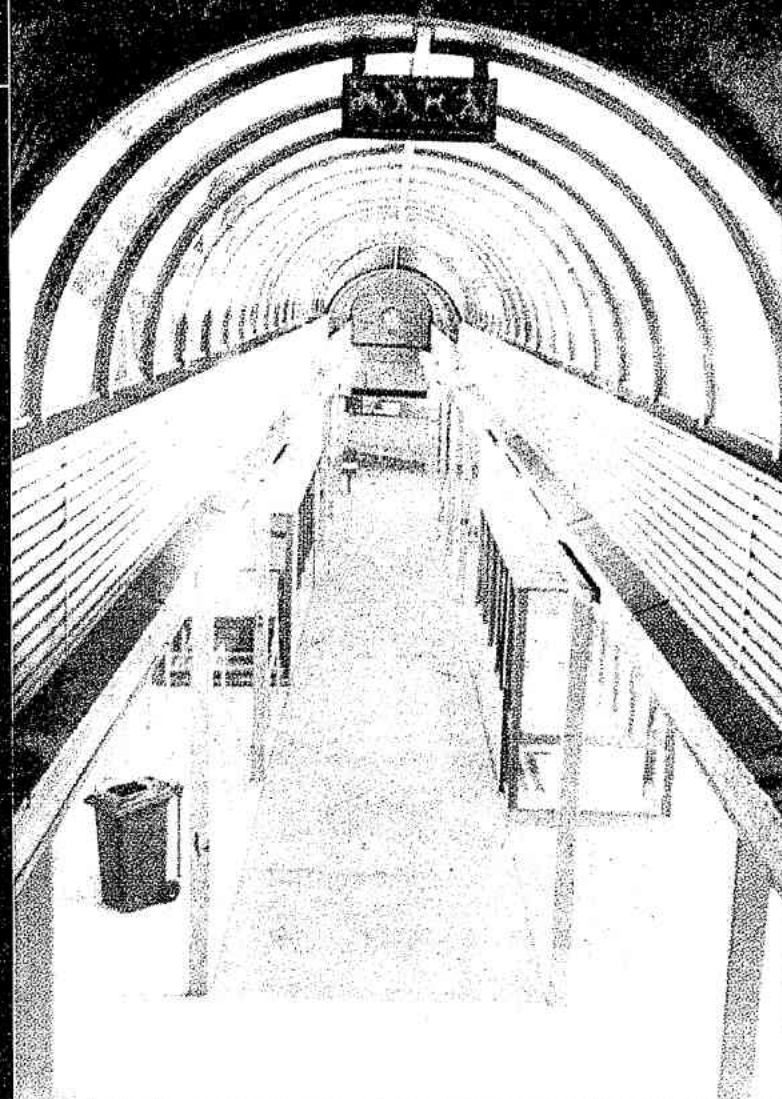
just left my country school and thought they were both pot heads. My boss told me they were junkies." Canberra girls and boys all appear to have at least one friend from school who is now addicted to heroin. Perhaps it is the boredom, perhaps it is symptomatic of the bourgeois life of the bureaucratic majority of Canberra - who knows. Anyone confronted with this plethora of politicians for so long deserves at least some form of drug addiction, but pumping heroin through your veins is not exactly the illicit equivalent of a week at a health and beauty farm. Passing the Tardis-like toilets in Civic (unmistakable: computerised, scarily sanitary and no doubt bugged with some device so that the Federal police can listen to the inner workings of your digestive system), a Canberra girl remarked that a friend of hers had once shot up in those toilets. "She was shooting up in there and then passed out. People had to go inside and find her." "Oh really. What's she doing now?" "She's dead."

Canberra's dodgy district is not simply confined to heroin addicts. In the mid hours of the morning, we re-emerged in the Bus Interchange. Relatively empty, the Bus Interchange nevertheless claimed its token crazy person on a concrete seat. Civic claims not only to be the heroin hub of Canberra but also has a resident population of loonies. Such people gravitate to the Mecca of Madness, that's right, you guessed it, the Bus Interchange. Men and women, ranging in a variety of age, come to the Bus Interchange to take random trips to delightful places like Belconnen mall and Woden plaza. Discuss the crazies at coffee with your friends: you'll soon find that there is collection of regulars who you all know and have had absolutely smashing encounters with. Some of them are harmless; others plain obnoxious.

One character who is particularly well-known haunts Garema Place. An ex-

**'CANBERRA BOYS AND GIRLS ALL APPEAR TO HAVE ONE FRIEND FROM SCHOOL WHO IS ADDICTED TO HEROIN. PERHAPS IT IS THE BOREDOM, PERHAPS IT IS SYMPTOMATIC OF THE BOURGEOIS LIFE OF THE BUREAUCRATIC MAJORITY OF CANBERRA - WHO KNOWS. ANYONE CONFRONTED WITH THIS PLETHORA OF POLITICIANS FOR SO LONG DESERVES AT LEAST SOME FORM OF DRUG ADDICTION.'**

public servant (so the story goes), he had a nervous breakdown and had to leave the bureaucratic business. Anyway, he continued to dress for work and carry a briefcase around Garema place. Occasionally, he would approach people and read out his poetry to them - which was absolute crap. He has not been seen for a while, although popular opinion





maintains that he will re-emerge from whichever nook he has crawled into.

And university is not immune from such loons. Naturally, you are probably aware of this fact already, given the appointment of certain academics. In a particular class, there is one student whose reputation far outlives that of his faculty. Anorak man. Bespectacled and brandishing an all-weather anorak which he never removes, Anorak man lives on the edge of eccentricity. Not merely a student, Anorak man is an intellectual anomaly, constantly asking the most bizarre and entirely irrelevant questions whilst feigning (hopefully) ignorance of the simplest concepts. Once, when confronted with the option of pairing up with Anorak man in a tute, a female student declined, he took personal objection to her and asked if she had an ideological objection to working with him. She did. Strangely enough, Anorak man only attends classes in winter and autumn; students are still perplexed as to where this

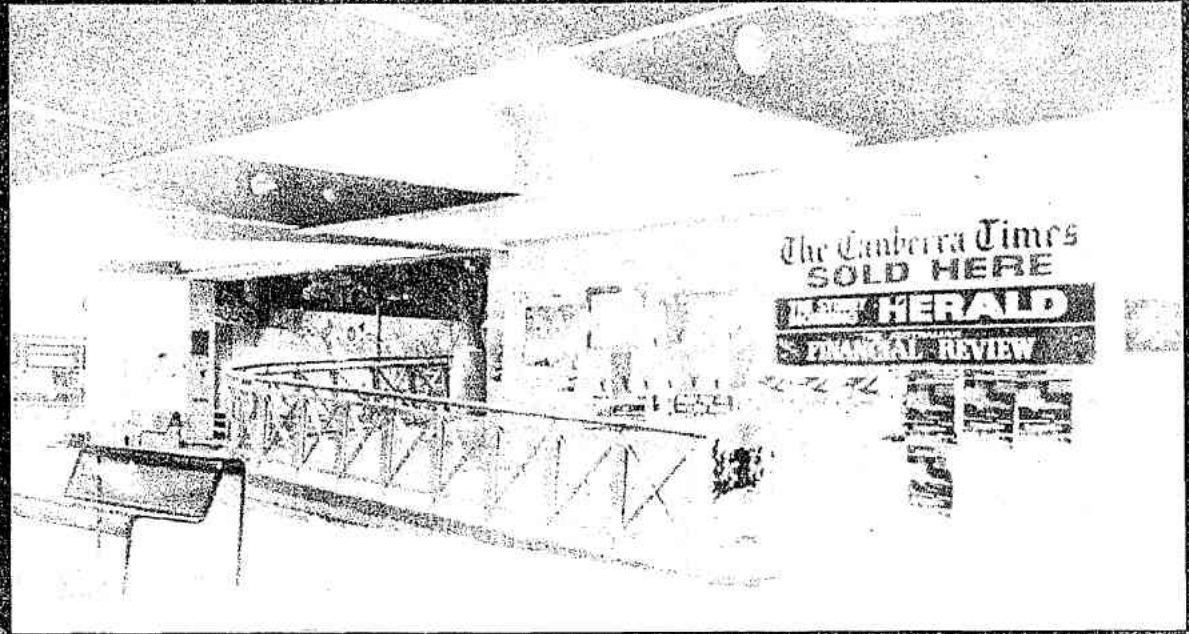
seasonal creature disappears to.

Institutions for the anomalies behind the Canberra facade do exist. Calvary Hospital boasts a psychiatric ward, as does Woden Hospital. Given the blossoming population of Canberra's crazies, this does not seem to be enough and so we will continually be confronting the albeit harmless overflow of loons.

The last stage in the voyage of seedy discovery for our challenge team involved crossing the final frontier; Fyshwick. As Fyshwick virgins, we approached the suburb cautiously, unaware of what we would find (although years in Catholic schools had taught us a little of what to expect). Outwardly, the suburb looked boringly industrial. That was, until we got to Sensations.

Sensations is a brothel in the heart of Fyshwick. Unfortunately, the place is very inappropriately named. I suggested an alternative but my colleagues doubted its marketing success: dodgy establishment for the satisfaction of perverted unattractive middle-aged men's sexual needs as they are too debauched to get sex anywhere else. I think I'll refer it to the management.

We decided not to enter the establishment (a mixture of cowardice and repulsion at the thought of being mistaken for a client). Instead, we simply observed the occasional clientele. Most of the men were balding, plump, middle-aged, bland looking men. Obviously embarrassed at what they were doing, they glanced surreptitiously as they left the building, continually looking from side to side. A somewhat different category of people visited the adult shop; most of whom were younger randy guys. Inside there were a whole range of sex toys (some of which we had no idea what they were used for and did not really want to ask). Also available were a range of videos and books, with titles ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous. There seemed to be a tremendously high number of



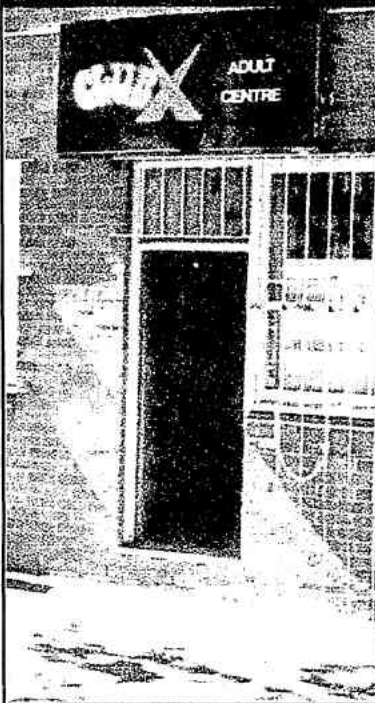
lesbian pornos, catering for that whole threesome obsession thing.

Returning to Civic, Club X seemed rather pathetic by comparison. Given the proximity of the Private Bin opposite, I wondered whether Club X would get much business. Surely, if a man/guy/sleaze-bag/ADFA-boy could not pick up at the Private Bin, then there is something definitely wrong with his appearance (or his ability to induce under age girls to drink free alcoholic beverages). Perhaps his

money would be better spent on saving up for cosmetic surgery. Or alternatively, Club X may be merely a sexual appetiser to the Private Bin, a sort of hor d'oeuvres in a sexual feast.

And so we wanderers left the not so salubrious world of Civic, weary of the world and seeking satisfaction in a long beer in the embracing arms of the ANU Bar (did I mention that we left the world of dodgy debauchery? The ANU Bar is another chapter untold). Probing

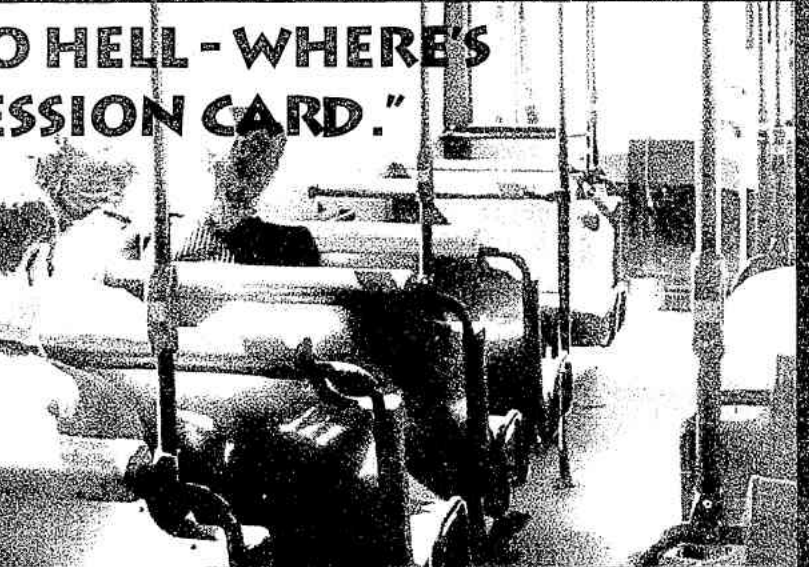
beneath the surface of Canberra, we discovered a variety of festering sores thinly disguised by the concrete concealer applied. Like the politicians it houses, Canberra is a strange mix of double-standards. As misplaced as a *Pulp Fiction* extra on a *Free Willy* filmset, the dodgy characters of Canberra seem to be incongruous with the political and judicial leaders living in Canberra. For such a planned city, something is seriously askew.



## "WELCOME TO HELL - WHERE'S YOUR CONCESSION CARD."

What is it about the ACTION bus system, actually make that any bus system, that seems to draw nut cases magnetically; like so many flies landing on a 20 foot, orange and blue turd? I think the problem begins at interchanges. Interchanges are like the petri dishes of madness. They provide the perfect conditions for the fungal blooms of craziness and thus nurture and encourage its growth. Think about it... bus interchanges offer shelter from rain, an ample and ever-changing supply of strangers to accost and harass, utilities to vandalise and, most powerful of all, the illusion that one is actually in the process of going somewhere. In the last respect the interchange acts as a metaphorical security blanket for those who don't know what else it is they are supposed to be doing. Travelling on a bus, participating in the dynamics of an interchange, reassures nut cases that they have a place within society's institutions. In the bus interchange they can participate in the world that surrounds them without ever having to get too involved in its more complex processes.

Actually I understand why crazy people travel on the bus. It's really quite a therapeutic pastime. My advice for you if you're ever feeling a little low is to simply hop on the bus and make the single fare journey from Belconnen all the way to Tuggeranong (or vice versa). Not only is this the best value bus ride in Australia, possibly the world, it is also a real "back to the womb" experience. The gentle rocking of the bus as it passes Canberra's nondescript countryside and suburbia is the equivalent of a flotation tank for a great deal less than the usual



cost. (Boys, I don't know if you've ever noticed this either but erections seem to greatly increase on long bus rides - go figure)

In giant American cities like LA and San Diego nutters and homeless people (two categories that frequently overlap in America) literally live their lives on these long bus rides; catching one excruciatingly long bus journey and connecting with yet another all night - making the bus journey an often interesting, if at times frightening, experience. Whilst Canberra's homelessness problem is not quite of the same scope I think that a similar situation is equally prevalent here. I mean if I were homeless the bus ride from say Woden to Erindale might actually make quite a pleasant change until soon I decided that it was time to visit Cooleman and then pop back to Civic and so on and so on until my life became one big bus ride. In this way not only could I fulfil my homeless crazy guy function of making people feel uncomfortable, but also get Canberra-wide exposure, possibly becoming a local identity in the process.

I am actually extremely grateful to the compulsory homeless crazy guys (or, HCGs as they will be known) on buses because their general disrespect for the various petty laws enforced by the ACT govern-

ment and ACTION remind us just how extremely tenuous this thing called "society" is. When we are thrown together on an a bus and made to mix with members of the public we would normally never have anything to do with, we are taken away from the safe and nurturing institutions that we have built for ourselves. The friends we have chosen are no longer present, the decor of the bus is not of your choosing and the homeless woman sitting next to you who reeks of urine and is talking about the CIA conspiracy to get her has little respect for what you or anyone else thinks. It is an experience akin to being in a hospital ward full of strangers or a youth hostel on the other side of the world - real 'Lord of the Flies' territory.

The ACTION bus fosters madness by embodying principles of peace and, contradictorily, principles of instability. Peace is found in the form of a bus rides therapeutic quality, but instability in the form of ACTION's arbitrary placing of individuals and the resulting friction caused by this essentially chaotic encounter. It's little wonder that more crazies choose to take action.

Brendan Shanahan





# The SA - Yay! Yay!

To most people the Student's Association is either a non-descript collection of non-descript/thoroughly obnoxious individuals. Few know that, in the words of He Man, they have the power. They have the power to spend your money on whatever the hell they want. The question is "Do you care enough to get involved?" Roslyn Dundas immersed herself in the brutal culture and is here to dish the dirt and hand out advice.

As if by magic *Woroni* appears in the refectory overnight. Posters protesting against the arts cuts plaster all the walls. A general meeting votes to promote and organise the world-wide proletarian revolution, spurred on by a lollipop induced sugar-rush. And the sexuality department has a movie night. Seemingly separate incidents, but they are all brought to you by the Students Association.

Tucked away behind Sulli's, directly above the union bar, reside the offices of those who care. There is President Harry, Mr Spock lookalike, Jason the General Secretary, the man with the lollipops and hence the real power, Jonathan trying to break the stigma attached to treasurers, James the dedicated and ruthless Education Officer, and the gorgeous Katherine, Social Officer and great person, breaking into the old boy network.

And that is just the executive, then there are twelve general reps, departmental officers, faculty reps and a huge number of voting members. And, you, as a undergrad at ANU are one of those many members, with all the benefits that that entails.

Benefits I hear you scoff, what sort of benefits could I get from an association run by student politicians. Well you could be surprised. According to the constitution the objects of the association are:

- a) to promote the welfare and further the interests of its members, and in particular to work for quality and equity in higher education; and
- b) to afford a recognised means of representation for its members both within and outside the University; and
- c) to promote the social life of its members.

Just under twenty percent of your GSF goes to the SA (the rest being shared by PARSAs (Postgrad And Research School Association), the Union and the Sports Union). The association divides the money among the clubs and societies, the departments, publications (such as this fair rag and your Student Diary), and the bar. A little bit of money is also spent on the Association itself, so it can continue to do all these things. The SA also has its own bookshop, where 2nd hand discounted books are available for you to purchase. But what it boils down to is that students, such as you, are able to request some of that money back to help subsidise your social life, through events such as the Law Ball, or a Physics BBQ. The money also goes towards the hiring of some responsible adults.

We are lucky this year to have the Dynamic Duo of Bronwyn and Karen keeping the students in check. Karen is the one who knows absolutely everything there is to know about the SA. She knows where the lollipops are, how to affiliate your club, and she can even tell you where the Union office is (if you missed all the signs stuck to her door, telling you where to go). Bronwyn is the Welfare Officer with the Mostest. She is the one you turn to when you need help fixing those niggling little problems, such as where am I going to sleep tonight.

When Karen and Bronwyn aren't around (a rare occurrence) the role of responsible adult is taken upon



Another photo of Harry.

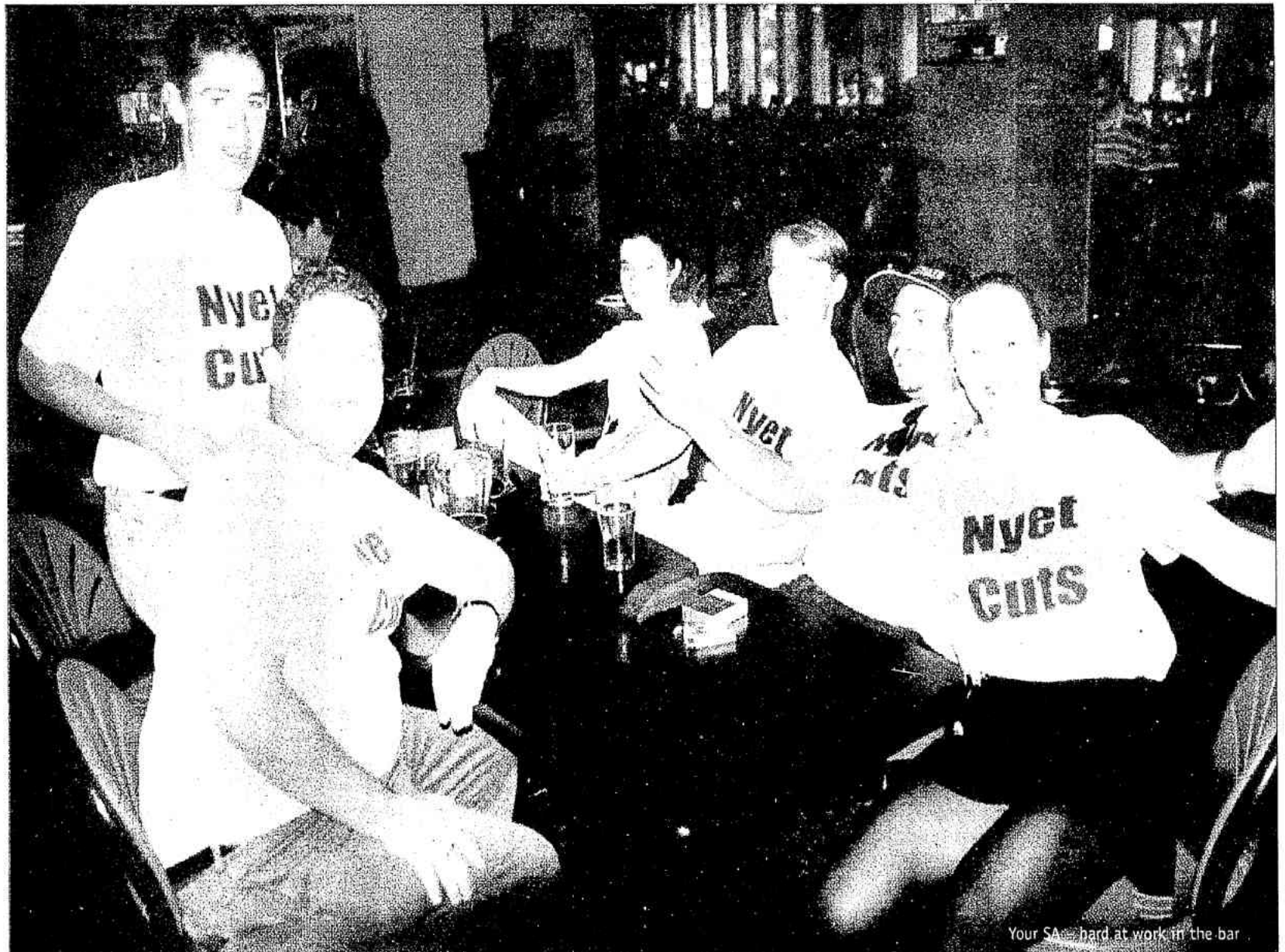
by Mr Harry Greenwell, President and fearless leader of the 1998 Student's Association. Harry became involved with the SA way back in 1997, when he was elected to the role of General Secretary under Matt Tinning. His involvement is very much a product of the cuts initiated in 96. He says that he ran in 1997 to make sure that the campaign continued and that 1997 wouldn't be a year in which Admin thought they could get away with even more cuts. He continues in 1998 to take the students' voice to those in Admin, the President of the SA holding one of the two seats reserved for students on the ANU Council.

Now don't get Harry wrong, just because he has to go to all these important meetings to present your view, with out swearing, doesn't mean he doesn't know how to have fun. While Harry admits to originally not being heavily involved with the social side of the SA, O-Week this year was a great success that he found thoroughly enjoyable. The SA as a whole, are working towards the goals of their as set out by their electoral platforms; to be approachable, to be out there, and to make sure everyone has a good social life (well at least in theory - they can't be responsible if your girl-friend dumps you because you got off with another at some function because you were pissed, just because they supplied the al-

cohol, doesn't mean you have to drink it). But there is more to it than just fun and booze. As Harry puts it "the SA responded pretty strongly and quickly" to the recent round of arts cutting, specifically the loss of Russian, and while concrete results are yet to be seen, "not much success as of yet" was how Harry put it, there is still a lot of pressure being applied on admin, forcing them to maybe rethink that third drink.

Harry understands that students don't want to get involved with the student politicians, "80% of the populace know so little about student politics, they wouldn't know the people involved. And of the 20% who do know us, most don't like us. It's a little depressing at times." But Harry asks that people should realise that while they are apathetic, if not downright hostile, they should still take an interest, at least attend at general meeting, or a rally or two. And realise "that student reps are listened to quite seriously by most uni committees." Considering the reps listen to you, doesn't that form a great big communication chain that can, and does, work for you.

Yes the SA does have a bad reputation, which can be blamed almost totally on student politicians, but there is more than just politics happening up here above the bar. There is a bit of sex, some smoking, and occasionally things get done. And all in all the politics is pretty amusing. Hey its better than TV up here. The Students' Association is your Association. You pay, and hence you get a say. And more services and fun-type things than you can poke a lollipop at. Get involved, or don't complain.



Your SA hard at work in the bar



## Who's da kingshit at the SA



Harry Greenwell  
President

Our illustrious leader whether in Academic gown or Priests' robes, Harry believes that in order to have a good student demo you need a catchy(?) gimmick where he plays the star role. Widely considered as a genuinely nice guy, Harry lives up to his reputation but is often criticised for wimpishness. This is merely his clever front however because concealed beneath his mortar board and gown (the equivalents of intellectual chastity belts) beats a throbbing voice for student opinion.



James Connor  
Education Officer

It's difficult to say how the quint-essential Democrat on Campus will live up to the standards set by the former, absent, Education Officer. James has only been in this role since 25 March after a casual vacancy occurred. James is probably most remembered for a photo appearing in your *Woroni* last year in which he is standing toe to toe with a Copper waving a stack of student petitions in the nostrills of the very stern faced boy in blue. This blond haired stud puppy is sure to go places. So watch this space.



Jason Wood  
General Secretary

Jason's role is to convene and Chair all meetings of the Association. He feels that this is best done with lots of Lolly Pops for all. When first elected, one student commented that, finally it's great to see a bastard in the position of General Secretary. Jason was elected on a platform of "Stop the wank! - substance over procedure". It remains to be seen as to whether this is an achievable goal for any General Secretary. However, Jason is approaching this task with vigor by so dominating meetings that no one has the opportunity to even unzip their fly let alone get it out and tweak it.

## The SA: To care or not to care - do you care?

### The case for caring:

It's pretty easy to dump shit on student politicians and most of the time, it's pretty easy to just ignore them too. Despite this, I want to convince you that the Students' Association is worth caring about. Worth caring about enough to make an informed vote at the Annual Elections each year, worth caring about enough to attend four General Meetings each year and probing student representatives on their actions, worth caring about enough to keep up-to-date with the news in *Woroni* and perhaps worth caring about enough to get involved.

Student organisations can succeed in achieving some enormously important worthwhile things. They can also waste a lot of time and money and misrepresent student opinion. Either way they have a considerable impact on student life. The only way to ensure that this is a good impact is to care about what the Students' Association does.

First to the good stuff the SA can do and here, the proof obvious. In 1996, student representatives successfully lobbied academics to approve a proposal for supplementary exams for students who narrowly fail their exams. We have also organised innovative demonstrations like the Marathon reading of Liberal party promises outside Parliament House (May 1996), the Austudy Wedding (March 1997), and the mock Graduation Ceremony (March 1998).

I have not mentioned any of the non-political 'good things' done by the SA like: O-Week, emergency loans, our wonderful Welfare Officer, the second-hand bookstore and our Clubs and Societies facilities. Nor have I mentioned the important contributions played by our four Departments. Instead, I shall dwell briefly on what can go wrong if students don't care.

**Problem 1: misrepresentation.** It is all too easy for student politicians to become oblivious to student opinion unless their actions and statements are questioned and challenged both formally, at General Meetings, and informally, by speaking to them in person.

**Problem 2: misuse of money.** About one-sixth of the General Services Fee funds the Students' Association's budget of \$366,000. At our last General Meeting, this year's budget was approved, with only one person choosing to question any of it in detail. This is your money, and only if people ask difficult questions can you be sure the money is spent properly.

The SA can and has done many good things and will continue to do so. However, it's got plenty of problems too and the only way to fix them is to care about what's going on and ask the difficult questions.

Harry Greenwell

### The case for not giving a toss:

Those pompous, arrogant self-righteous, over-opinionated fatasses purporting to represent you are a sham! Full of their own importance they wouldn't know what we, real students are going through even if it came out on video. Who do they think they are! Don't be fooled. Your SA is nothing but a piss-weak opportunity for budding polities to cut their collective teeth in a forum where, by their own admission it doesn't really matter if they fuck up. What do they really do for us?

They waste our time - we only sign their bloody petitions so they will fuck off; they waste our money - I didn't see any of this free champagne; they waste our space - their offices could be used for something important like another bar, more shops or at least a sauna; they waste our air - oxygen thieves!

So they ask you to get involved... because they've just discovered there is a crisis. What, another one? So what are we asked to do? 1) Attend some pathetic picket; at 8.30 in the goddamn am. On a Friday. At the Chancelry. Where the fuck is the Chancelry, and who really does care?

2) Join a Demonstration. Like that is really going to be effective. Does anybody even notice when a rally happens, its just a bunch of noisy students together in union court. Like that doesn't happen everyday. Care factor - zero.

3) Sign another bloody petition. Can we do it in chalk? Yeah, we'll sign, and so will Donald Duck, and his lab partner Mickey Mouse. I can tell you a more effective thing to do with the petition sheet, they are usually a bit softer than *Woroni*. Care factor - negative.

What do all these three things have in common? They are about as effective as the rhythm method, but no where near as enjoyable. It is always the same people, spouting the same pathetic cliched rhetoric, repeating the same old silly chants. A more productive use of that megaphone would be to sit on it and spin. Somewhere else.

When are these people going to realise that their annoying protests make them more enemies than friends. Nobody enjoys having their lunch interrupted by some megaphone wielding, paper-waving prat, who is willing to sacrifice personal hygiene for the sake of the revolution.

But they are your SA, you pay for their lollipops. And it is your education, that your HECS pays for. But when it comes down to it, you don't really care, do you?

Angellica Wales

# What's on at the Uni Bar?

Date	Bands or Activity	ANU	CONC	FULL
Fri 3rd April	Three (CD Launch) + Crumpet + Squid	\$7	\$8	\$9
Sat 4th April	Arkana + Primary + Support (all ages)	\$21.70	\$21.70	\$21.70
Sun 5th April	Everclear + Moler + Vioetene (all ages)	\$21.70	\$26.70	\$26.70
Thurs 9th April	Jazz n Jugs with Big Boss Groove	FREE	\$5	\$5
Wed 15th April	Tea Party + L7 + Front End Loader (all ages)	\$31.70	\$31.70	\$31.70
Thurs 16th April	Graduation Ball with Gruuve	\$38	\$38	\$38
Sat 18th April	Crippled Masters + Redletter + Underdog	\$3	\$3	\$3
Thurs 23rd April	Minddust			
Fri 24th April	Noogie (to be confirmed) + support			
Sat 25th April	High Pass Filter + Dark Nework + The Funky Acid Afro Lounge	\$5	\$6	\$6
Fri 1st May	Michelle Shocked	TBA		

**Don't forget Happy Hours in the Bar every Monday, Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday - 5pm to 6pm schooners \$1.90 - \$1.10**





**T**he AMWAY phenomenon may not be new, its members may not appear overly threatening (unlike Scientologists or Mormons, they don't usually accost you in the street) and it probably isn't overt enough to warrant a detailed sociological deconstruction of its philosophies. If deconstruction was necessary it would be more appropriate to have a fully fledged member of the AMWAY society to explain it. Or in other words, to explain their philosophy known to AMWAY distributors as the opportunity to "redirect their buying power" or, as it's otherwise known, "sell shitloads". I have had more than my fair share of dealings with AMWAY and its eclectic and slightly odd membership and feel that I can make some observations.

As a curious observer I find it difficult to comprehend the truly wacky philosophies of the AMWAY organisation, the meaning of their bizarre double-speak, the reasons for their masonic hierarchy or a company solidarity and a mistrust of outsiders that extends to the labelling of those outside their peculiar organisation as "slaves" or "losers" — terms often used freely and with all seriousness within the context of official AMWAY motivational speeches.

## AMWAY CULT

Most of us would probably have only come across AMWAY through its rather non-descript television advertisements. These ads feature a middle-aged yuppie driving his brand new Jeep Cherokee home to his North Shore home where his delighted family, no doubt keen with anticipation for a new batch of cleaners and moisturisers, await his arrival. What is interesting about this ad is the lack of any description of what AMWAY actually is. This is because the AMWAY organisation has a self-image problem. It prefers to gain its members by stealth, rather than come clean on what it is and what membership of it will entail. In this case, rather than a pyramid selling network, AMWAY appears to be an organisation dedicated to lovers of prestige vehicles and large homes. The other AMWAY advertisement of note promotes this enigmatic company as an employer of hundreds of white coated researchers and other assorted scientific types in sterile laboratories. The

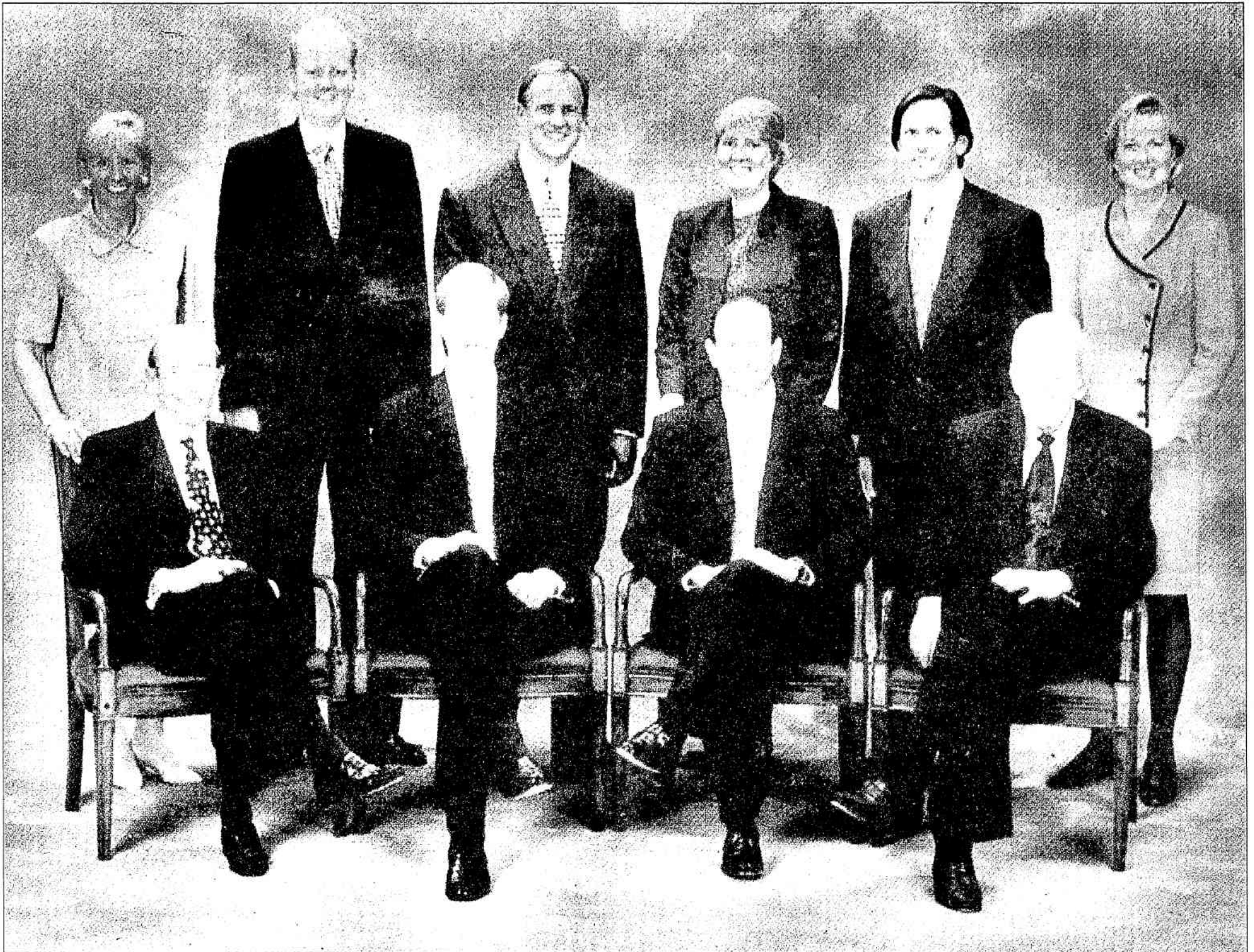
commercial shows a bald-headed boffin the process of "inventing" the perfect consumable. Obviously this is a distortion of the truth because these "researchers" are not inventing products. AMWAY did not invent the rubber thong, hand cream or even fresh fruit. What they merely do is tinker with these pre-existent products under the guise of invention and attempt to improve (although often seem to succeed in doing the exact opposite) upon items already familiar to most consumers. By combining this with ingenious marketing techniques that seem to drive people to a state of compulsion buying, and start to resemble mind-control after a while, they are assured of a healthy profit on their sale.

Contrary to most outsiders' (or losers if you prefer) understanding, AMWAY is not a single all-encompassing organisation. Obviously a worldwide organisation could never hope to maintain itself without delegations and smaller sub-groups

creating their own affiliated branches or franchises. As a very hierarchical organisation, once members reach a certain level they often retreat and start, creating their own groups with particular characteristics and nuances, but still maintaining an association, and generous monetary contributions, to the larger AMWAY company. In this way the pyramid works on another level, not only are the individual salespeople locked into the hierarchy of pyramid selling, because to leave without having completed selling would mean a financial loss, but their branches are also smaller blocks in the AMWAY pyramid.

These branches, whilst affiliated with AMWAY, like to uphold a sense of individuality and independence from AMWAY. Working at a conference centre I have come across a number of these groups holding their local, state or national conferences, or "networks" as they prefer to call them. I have found that at all costs, they are never to be referred to as AMWAY, or AMWAY members. They will insist that "AMWAY is the product...insert catchy 90s 'network name' here... is the network". They argue that this is because of the possible stigma that association with the AMWAY brand name may entail — essentially an image problem.





★ **Amway Policy Board** [seated from left] Rich DeVos, Steve Van Andel, Dick DeVos, Jay Van Andel.  
 ★ [standing] Cheri DeVos VanderWeide, Dave Van Andel, Doug DeVos,  
 ★ Nan Van Andel, Dan DeVos, Barb Van Andel Gaby.

They prefer to take names like "Network 21", "World-Wide Dreambuilding" or "Vision Plus" to avoid it, and must be referred to by this name or else insult them gravely.

The personalities of the individuals that attend these conferences are proportional to the level they have reached within the network. As I've already said it is very hierarchical and therefore there is a gulf of difference between those at the top, and those supporting the pyramid at the bottom. The pyramid system works by each new member being required to off-load a quota of AMWAY products as a "distributor" and encourage new members to join as "sponsors". Those who succeed will be able to attract hundreds of new members and sell many times their quota. If those new members attracted by the successful seller are able to succeed as well then the pyramid is well on its way to huge proportions. Many pyramids have millions of dollars of sales going on amongst its members every day. In time, the AMWAY high-flyers will sell so much AMWAY product and sponsor so many newer members down the pyramid they become incredibly rich. Their extravagance is paraded at the network meetings when they display the various material rewards that AMWAY can bring. Rolls Royce and Porsche cars are driven in the hall while they show slides of their amazing homes and recent sojourns to Europe. The inspiration obviously works as the "ooooos" and "ahhhhs" of the new members fill the room. They have a great gift for the sales pitch, and it is hard to argue with their financial success. They appear as any successful business person would, suit and tie, very well kempt and spoken and conduct themselves with confidence and superiority.

This is the side of AMWAY that the aforementioned advertisements promote. The ad suggests

that success and AMWAY go together, and that it is awaits all who join. However, those at the bottom of the pyramid are sucked into the particular AMWAY group with promises of riches, and left in a cycle of paying off debts for large amounts of unwanted AMWAY products. In my experiences these people are often the nicest. They are cheery but a little bit socially inept. This niceness and gullibility is preyed upon by those further up the AMWAY scale and these people perform a necessary roll in AMWAY. The nature of a pyramid suggests that it is these unfortunates who make up a majority of the AMWAY community. It is these people (the small-scale distributors or non-distributors) who support the rest of the pyramid but achieve none of its benefits; apart from receiving copious amounts of AMWAY moisturisers and detergents, which according to my research don't work very well anyway. This is the part of AMWAY which they attempt to keep hidden, but most of us are well aware of.

When these AMWAY groups assemble for their annual networks, the hierarchy of the group is made obvious almost immediately. Before the initial welcoming speech, sometimes conducted by the Grand Leader of the network, the lower members assemble outside the auditorium in a very chaotic fashion. The doors to the auditorium remain closed as the crowd surges forward, and the doors almost buckle under the weight of crazed, overweight, middle aged men and women as the doors open these grown men and women sprint into the hall, trying to get the prize seats closest to their leaders. As they enter the inspirational "Higher" by Van Halen pumps from the truly massive PA at such decibels that it causes even the most experienced waiters to fumble their drinks tray. It is not until the pumping bass of Michael

**\$ It always stuns me that people could be so overwhelmed by the concept of being an AMWAY marketer that it seems they have little room left in their life for anything other than the pursuit of profit. In the end I have to confess that I simply find the whole philosophy of AMWAY creepy.'**

Anthony kicks in however that you truly realise how loud it is — some have even been known to lose control of their bowels. Who would have thought that Van Halen could have become this ingrained in the conservative corporate world of AMWAY. One imagines that they must be receiving masses of royalties.

After their dramatic entrance the lowest echelon of members take their seats on specially installed hard plastic chairs (If they work hard, one day they too might get to sit in the comfy chairs). But despite their lack of comfortable seating they are in the highest of spirits because they know that they will soon be in the presence of their mentors. Excitement fills the air as the slightly more exalted members file in. Each AMWAY network has different names for the ranks that can be achieved, however one of the larger ones, lets call them "Future Profits" to disguise their true identity (and avoid the stigma) has its higher ranks named after precious stones. The ranks usually correlate with whether the member is a "non-distributor", "distributor" or "sponsor". The sponsors are ranked according to the number of sponsored members they have; firstly the "Sapphires", fol-

lowed by, "Rubies", "Pearls", "Emeralds", "Diamonds" and sitting atop the network is the "Double Diamond", "Triple Diamond" or King Diamond (no, not the high pitched black metal singer.)

AMWAY also gives the impression of being a quite politically correct organisation, women are proportionally represented in positions of power and their products are environmentally friendly and never tested on animals. Alcohol is also frowned upon, it is never served at their dinners or cocktail parties — it is much better to be high on the aroma of cash. This political correctness does not however extend to a majority of its members however. As the ranking members file in, the chairs get increasingly more comfortable and salubrious until King Diamond enters to a fanfare fully befitting the power that he or she possesses. Those non-ranking members strain and stand on their seats, cheering hysterically and calling out for salvation towards those ranking members who are at the top of their particular pyramid. It is at this point that emotions reach fever pitch, and the network attains the appearance of a fanatical religious event. The Diamonds thrive in this environment and whip up the frenzy for all is worth, be-



lieving a fanatical salesperson is guaranteed to be annoying but will probably also be successful.

At opportune moments throughout the dinner/network some of the new distributors will use the opportunity to make an attempt to test out their recently acquired marketing skills on the staff of their chosen venue. Of course the hapless waiters and waitresses etc have had to deal with these bores almost every week and are thus well aware of any gimmick they will attempt to use. Apart from that there are few things funnier than watching a fifty year old AMWAY sales rep desperately attempt to come up with any hobbies, interests or sexual fantasies that would even remotely interest a 20 year old university student. Instead he will totally humiliate and prostitute himself by resorting to simply agree with absolutely anything you say in the hope that he will endear himself to you. The irony of all this is that it is



As an outsider in this environment many thoughts cross my mind. Perhaps all these people are right, they are certainly having the time of their life and there is not even a hint of alcohol (although we once had to confiscate a bottle of scotch from a bored gentleman who claimed he was just being brought along by his wife and wanted some respite). But in hindsight, the philosophies peddled by the likes of AMWAY may well be a real threat to society as we know it. Their unending need to redirect their buying power/pursue extra sales borders on the frightening. It always stuns me that people could be so overwhelmed by the concept of being an AMWAY marketer that it seems they have little room left in their life for anything other than the pursuit of profit. In the end I must confess that I simply find the whole philosophy of AMWAY creepy. The con-

Norman and Glenda Leonard

**'The AMWAY organisation has a self-image problem. It prefers to gain its members by stealth, rather than come clean on what it is and what membership of it will entail.'**

totally based upon the futile hope that there is an off chance you may be interested in the products he has to sell you which are remarkably similar to those in the possession of the guy sitting next to him. Some common tactics used by staff to deal with this aggressive selling are fob offs like, "I'm sorry, I just promised to buy her hand and nail cream (pointing to the other side of the room)". Or the absolute best one, "Nice selling pal but I'm already a Ruby Direct Distributor from World Wide Dreambuilders!" This one is apparently guaranteed to make a lowly distributor tremble in their boots.

cept is essentially exploitative of those who are either too nice or too dumb to ever make it to the top of the tree because, deny it as they might, AMWAY is a perfect example of the nastiest incarnation of Capitalism. In the AMWAY model profit is paramount for even defining what it is to be human; for to not make a profit is even to be branded a "slave" - sub-human. AMWAY may well give the socially inept an outlet and provide a focus for someone's otherwise directionless life, but one must wonder whether this is a direction that is even worth heading in.

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## A user's guide to AMWAY.

**A former AMWAY distributor has circulated his glossary of AMWAY terms. Here are some of the key ones for you to memorise and test out on your friends!**

**ABC:** Stands for the AMWAY Business Compendium. This is a small binder that contains all of the operating rules and procedures for distributors. It covers legal issues, prospecting issues, terms, and the history of AMWAY, among other things. It comes with the initial phase of a distributor's startup kit.

**Amvox:** A voice mail messaging system that is used and sold by distributors. It allows distributors to pass along information about future events, accomplishments of other distributors in AMWAY, and any other little thing they can think of. Believe me, I mean little!

**Black Hats:** This is the name given to the wealthy and powerful distributors that take all the money they can through their "systems," completely ignoring many of the rules and regulations set forth by AMWAY in the A.B.C. Bonus: AMWAY's way of paying distributors for their work. A distributor's bonus is based on the volume of products sold and the pin level.

**Crown Ambassador:** A distributor who has sponsored 20 direct distributors who qualify at the maximum performance bonus level for 6 months of the fiscal year. This is the highest level in AMWAY's pin structure.

**Curiosity Approach:** Method used to prospect potential distributors by purposely failing to reveal the AMWAY name until the prospect has gone through an informational meeting. In my opinion, this approach is plain and simple trickery and a sure way to make quick enemies out of your best friends.

**Depth (Building Depth):** Refers to assisting those who you have sponsored to sponsor others. When you sponsor a new distributor, he is "one in depth" from you and your business is now one level deep. If that new distributor you sponsor sponsors someone else, that person is considered to be "two in depth" from you and your business will now be two-levels deep and so on.

**Detailitis:** If you have "detailitis," it means that you are researching and finding out the facts about becoming a distributor - all good things to do before you jump into any type of business venture. Distributors usually use the term when you start to ask them too many questions about how "the business" works.

**Diamond Direct:** This pin level is the major milestone that all distributors who start the AMWAY business hope to achieve. To be eligible, a distributor must personally sponsor 6 direct distributors who qualify at the maximum performance bonus level for 6 months of the fiscal year.

**Direct Distributor:** Typically a distributor whose group PV is at the 7500 level for 6 months of the fiscal year (excluding any 7500 PV groups in his downline), although there are many other ways to qualify as a direct distributor. Once distributors reach this point they typically become the leader of their groups and order directly from AMWAY, rather than their sponsors.

**Distributor:** A person who has paid \$150.00+ for the AMWAY starter kit. This kit includes products, advertisements, tapes, and tons of literature about AMWAY.

**Double Diamond:** A distributor who has sponsored 12 direct distributors who qualify at the maximum performance bonus level for 6 months of the fiscal year.

**Downline:** All of the distributors a distributor has personally sponsored.

**FED:** Stands for Free Enterprise Day, which is a function that lasts from Friday through Sunday. This is a large event, held every year in several major cities, that celebrates the free enterprise system, freedom, and the founding of our country. Diamonds get to say their piece (usually something along the lines of "you must do this and this and this if you want to be free..."). Videos are shown of the diamonds doing diamond things, like boating, skiing, and shopping at the most expensive stores.

**FORM:** Stands for family, occupation, recreation, and money. These are the topics that you are taught to strike up conversations about when you talk to prospects. Theoretically, one of these topics will get a prospective distributor talking and give you a way of slipping in the AMWAY sales pitch.

**Front Loading:** Having to buy an enormous quantity of a company's products, before having sold any of them to anyone else, in order to become a distributor or remain a distributor (to keep enforced sales quotas, and the like). Usually people get stuck with the products because they were not able to sell the mountain of products they were required to purchase. While I have never heard of anyone having to "front load" in AMWAY, I'm sure it does happen in some "systems" and certainly in other MLM companies.

**INA:** Stands for International Networking Association. This is one of the many support organizations that are not a part of AMWAY but were formed by top pin level distributors. Other support organizations that you may have heard of, include Worldwide Dreambuilders and Internet Services Corporation. These organizations are responsible for all of the "tools" in the AMWAY "system," like tapes, books, and seminars. These "tools" will purportedly help anyone succeed in the AMWAY business.

**Loser:** Generally, anyone that does not decide to participate in the AMWAY "Sales and Marketing Plan," or anyone who tries AMWAY and quits.

**Pin Level:** Award level which determines a distributor's performance bonus. The pin level represents the highest award level ever achieved by a distributor. This implies that a distributor who currently qualifies at a certain pin level may never qualify at that pin level again, since a distributor must re-qualify for a pin level every fiscal year.

**Prospect:** A potential AMWAY distributor.

**Retreads:** Distributors who don't make it in AMWAY and quit, only to rejoin once again sometime in the future.

**Slaves:** Those people who do enter into the world of Amway and choose to work for someone else for the rest of their lives.

**Starter Kit:** The kit that each and every AMWAY prospect must buy if they want to become an AMWAY distributor. The kit includes lots of AMWAY products (skin lotion, shampoo, conditioner, laundry detergent, and the like), information, and AMWAY brochures. It costs about \$150.

**Winner:** Anyone who decides to join AMWAY as a distributor and doesn't ever quit - no matter what happens!





# **MEN SMOKE DRUM**

**CIGARETTE TOBACCO**



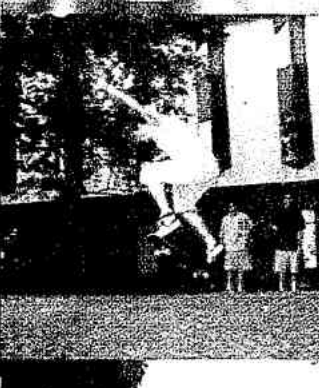


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## Wheels of Fire

Canberra is situated about two hours drive from the coast and the same from the snowfields. The consequence of this is that those among us who enjoy carving up snow covered mountains or ripping it up in the surf, have little opportunity to do so. So to compensate for Canberra's lack of good surf, many of us turn to bolting some wheels on the bottom of a board and putting architecture to a new and much more stimulating use. Due to some differing views on whether our use of the urban landscape is appropriate or not, the city has built several skateparks. These include numerous mini-ramps scattered around the suburbs as well as parks in Belconnen, Civic and just recently in Tuggeranong (Note: the park in Tuggers is not officially opened

but you can always climb under the fence). While it is comforting to know that the city's planners care about us enough to go to all that trouble, street skating kicks ass over park skating. It doesn't matter how many parks are built, people will keep on skating street, having to put up with the abuse from passers by and confrontations with security guards and police.

The ANU in particular has taken a very hard line towards skating on campus. You have probably noticed the anti-skateboard sign in Union Court. That's right, fun is to cease as soon as you enter University grounds. This is a place for learning and destructive forces such as skateboarding are to be suppressed so as not to subvert the learning process. Could the fascist University powers be scared we might distract some budding accountant from their production line degree? It's because of this policy that we decided to turn this month's Race Around Canberra into a Skate Around Campus. The main skating areas on campus are Union Court and the car park at the back of the Uni Bar. However, there are many other spots for anyone with a bit of ingenuity and a sense of adventure. On our Sunday afternoon expedition we didn't encounter any security guards but if you intend to search for Animal Chin at the ANU, be wary. Be very wary.

Pat: Keepin' it real

Jim: Switch 5-0

Extra high fives!

Tail slide

Matt: Gittin' jiggy wit'it

Ben: flippin' off the Law

Photos: Jason Richardson

# race around Canberra



# entertainment

## music



Talking with Stuart

*Tea Party*

Rosy D. got the extreme privilege of talking to Stuart from the Tea Party the other week, and despite the fact that he wouldn't tell her who his favourite Spice Girl is, the conversation was mighty stimulating. Here are the edited highlights, answering all those tough questions that you really want to know the answer to.

So what brought about the change (in style) from *Edges of Twilight* to *Transmission*? 'Well basically it was an evolution. We had explored world music to a great extent, and electronic music represented the final frontier.' What's the inspiration for your lyrics? 'Oh that's Jeff's desolation as we approach the millennium.' And who actually writes the songs? 'I wrote Save me. But Jeff sings, and to sing with conviction he needs to believe it. If I was to write a song I'd have to get inside Jeff's head.'



The band has been together 8 years now, what is your driving force? 'We have common goals, we want to change people's perceptions. And I still get those moments, when the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end. If I didn't have that I wouldn't still be here. We are trying to create something that is timeless and won't be disposed of after 3 months'. And what are your thoughts on the idea that you can't have a successful music industry without a strong drug sub-culture? 'Well that depends on what you classify as a drug. I consider that knowledge is like a drug. There's more to drugs than substances.'

Well there you go, that was Stuart, he also told Rosy D that he spent International Women's Day partaking in feminine cleansing, and that the crowds at the ANU are pretty crazy. And the great thing is that *Woroni* has 4 copies of *Transmission* to give away. All you have to do is email us with the answer to this simple question 'What Echo and the Bunnyman recording appeared on *The Lost Boys* Soundtrack? Trust us, the question isn't as obscure as you think. First 4 correct answers win, and part of the challenge is you have to find our email address, it is published somewhere in this paper. Get transmitting.



Death Metal

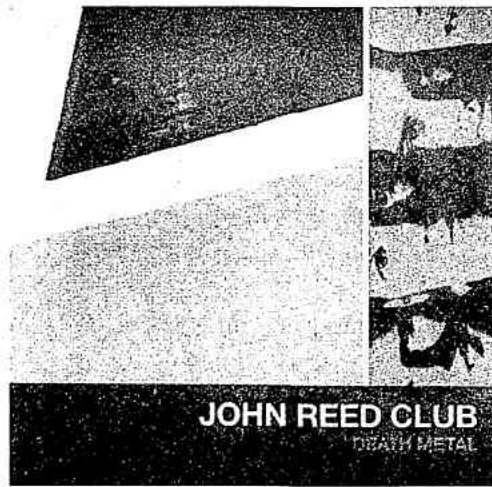
*John Reed Club*

With one of the band member's name being "Lusty", what more do you need?

After listening for the first couple of songs, I had to go and check whether or not I was actually hearing the CD or had left the radio on by mistake. This gives you an impression of a modern and contemporary sound yet it still lacked spark and imagination. Of course this is merely my pathetic acid induced opinion.

To make this clear and relevant to all readers I'll describe the sound in terms of the styles played on Canberra's radio stations.

If you're a JJJ fan then this is your type of CD. As I said above, when I first played this I thought that I was still listening to JJJ. It's all pretty standard stuff and totally inoffensive. If you have the cash and like to support the local music industry then this is definitely worth a buy. Otherwise, give



this group some time and I'm sure that we'll hear more from them.

However, if you're a FM104.7/106.3 loser, then you probably should go out and buy *Death Metal* right now and get some good local talent up ya. But given that I've just called you a loser you're hardly likely to take my advice.

One concern that I do have is the title - *Death Metal* I don't see the connection myself.

All in all, for those with reasonable taste wanting to add to their collection with modern JJJ-style 'easy listening' and support Australian music, they should join the John Reed Club.

—Jason Wood



Time Out of Mind

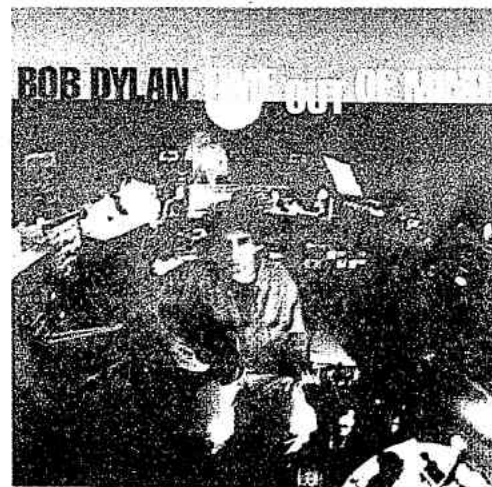
*Bob Dylan*

You would think after all his successes, and the praise heaped upon him, Bob might be a little happier. I'm actually glad he's not, because his latest album, *Time Out of Mind*, finally shows that blues can be sung by a white guy.

The best thing about Dylan is that in all of his stuff he actually 'speaks'. He is the only guy I can think of who can actually say what he's thinking without being too goddamned poetic. And this new effort, the best he's managed in a while, really 'speaks'.

Of course, it won a Grammy (I know, I know, doesn't everybody?) but its hit song "Sick of Love", which incidentally he performed at the aforementioned event, is fantastic, and leads the album off.

Dylan fans should be warned, it is more bluesish than previous stuff, which is great for all



those lonely and slightly bitter once-lovers.

Basically, it's scotch and cigarettes music, for late at night. Most of the tracks are pretty similar, and flow from one to another for over an hour, the perfect backdrop for sitting in a "sick of love" mood.

—Gerard Marx



We're outta here

*The Ramones*

Well, The Ramones... what can you say? Apart from "hey ho, let's go!", not much I wouldn't think. The Ramones are in a position of such status and importance in the world of rock'n'roll that one more review isn't going to matter a damn. And therein lies the problem. By now, you either love the band or don't, and another album (after 14 previous studio albums and 5 live records) doesn't seem to be that necessary. Sure, this is cool, documenting as it does the band's last ever gig, and featuring guests like Dee Dder, Chris Cornell and Ben Shepard out of Soundgarden and Rancid's Tim and Lars, but I suspect only the die hard fans will end up with this.

I wouldn't be so cynical as to suggest that this was the record company trying to flog an almost dead horse, but it's not too far off. It's good, but not the definitive Ramones record. The 32 tracks



of blitzkrieg bop are only punctuated by shouts of "1,2,3,4...", with virtually no dialogue between the band, crowd and special guests, and not a single guitar solo. This is, in itself, not such a terrible thing, and everything certainly rollicks along at a lovely pace, with favourites such as "Gimme gimme shock treatment", "The KKK took my baby away", "I wanna be sedated" and "Today your love, tomorrow the world" sounding fucking awesome. Johnny plays his ass off, and Joey somehow manages to stay on top of it all, almost crooning at points. Love it.

In reality, I'm far more likely to put on the new Bad Religion or Bodyjar record than this. I guess what I feel for the Ramones is more respect than true love. This is a great record, but if you're still to discover the band, this probably isn't the place to start. If you're a true fan, you'll love it, but "We're Outta Here" is more buy-if-you-win-lotto than buy-even-if you have-to-get-a-second-mortgage. And remember, The Ramones will never really leave us.

—Paul Harris

### What I'm hearing



Broderick: Postgrad, East Asia Studies  
Favourite album: *Claim* by Not Drowning Waving  
Listening at the moment to: *Litany* by Arvo Pärt



Michael: 2nd Year Engineer  
Favourite album: *Titanic* soundtrack  
Listening at the moment to: U2



David: 4th Year Arts  
Favourite album: *The Final Cut* by Pink Floyd  
Listening at the moment to: *Spirit of Place* by Goanna



# books



## Saving our Natural Heritage?

Craig Copeland and Damian Lewis

It is refreshing to find an ecological book that features first, a group of predominantly Australia

case studies including rangelands, forests and wetlands and secondly, takes a "warts and all" approach in that the failures and mistakes of ecological practices are pointed out along with successes. Even scientists make mistakes.

It addresses such fundamental issues as 'what is science?' (Certainly not making an hypothesis, finding a correlation and then assuming causal relationships), the need for scientists and economists to put their heads together, the fact that not only are our ecosystems failing (gloom and doom) but also the profession of an ecologist is declining along with funding for ecological projects (real gloom and doom), and the need to base all ecological work on the obvious assumption that ecosystems are intrinsically fragile. "...Is environmentalism a religion and ecosystem management a branch of the arts?" Good question.

The book has its origins in a 1995 session of the ANZAAS Congress at Newcastle. Authors of the various case studies include professors, lecturers, research scientists, public servants, consultants, a journalist, a grazier, but, God help us, no economists. This is a little odd since the economics of the ecosystem is one of the key questions that the conference aimed to address.

Dr Andrew Smith's paper on "Ecosystem management in Australia" should be compulsory reading for all science students, lecturers, tutors, professors and members of the Greens. In particular I commend pages 27 and 28 of the book where Dr Smith lists the seven rules for academic progress.

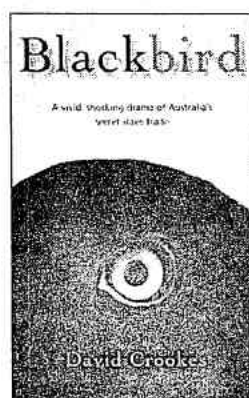
Seriously, there are some good case studies and

good advice in this book as well as interesting minutiae. For example Australian freshwater fish are puny and Leadbeater possums eat a particular type of arcacia sap. Ummm, very interesting. I particularly liked the one about the logger assuring the environmentalist that he shouldn't worry about the imminent extinction of Leadbeater possums as they are falling out of the trees all over the place. I would have thought that does tend to happen when you keep cutting the trees down. Not to mention some priceless gems for would be ecologists such as, concentrate on your mathematical and statistical skills and don't assume you know what a particular species eats. A nice, gruesome peep in the gut can be quite enlightening and sometimes surprising.

Each article in the book predictably tends to conclude that there is a need for more funding/research/government, management and public to take scientists seriously etc, in their particular field. But that aside, *Saving our Natural Heritage?* is a good reference on ecosystems. Even an engineer might enjoy the challenge of designing a Fishway that an Australian freshwater fish can actually swim up.

PS. If environmentalists really are in danger of extinction we promise not to take the remaining ones and breed them with a similar species, like Parks and Wildlife are trying to do with the one remaining Norfolk Island owl. There must be extinction with dignity. After all, extinction is a part of the natural ecological process, isn't it?

—G A Gretton.



## Blackbird

David Cook

Never before have I encountered a cast of characters as incontinent as those that inhabit *Jesus Saves*. Seemingly inspired by Anton Serrano's use of the Holy Son and a bucket of urine to make an artistic statement, author Darcey Steinke has crafted a depressing tale of teenage angst and bladder problems set in the wasteland of suburban USA.

Ginger is a minister's daughter and a testament to poor parenting: when she's not manhandling her boyfriend Ted's crotch, she indulges in a myriad of other bad habits that include biting her cuticles and listening to Metallica. In retribution perhaps, she is saddled with a weak bladder, and thus forced to spend quite a lot of time in the toilet contemplating her miserable existence and obsessing over the troubles of others. These include her father, whose old-fashioned style of preaching is under threat from the marketing techniques of nearby Deerpath Creek Church, which attracts the faithful with Cardio-Funk aerobics in the vestry. Meanwhile, Ted is a lost soul whose anger management problems culminate one day with a fit of rage in a shopping mall where Ted empties his bladder on a Jason rocker-recliner.

Ginger's greatest obsession however is with the kidnapped girl, Sandy, and it is here that *Jesus Saves* excels. Steinke's rendering of the relationship between Sandy and her gaoler, a child molester, is harrowing without being hysterical. While not forsaking urine as a literary device, Steinke concentrates on Sandy's perception of her captivity and retreat into fantasy rather than her bladder. Elsewhere, Steinke provides some amusing passages such as her observation of fundamentalists turning Jesus into a redneck. Sadly, these are islands in a sea of wee. Unlike great books that linger in your mind long after the last page is turned, *Jesus Saves* had me reaching for the cool mints to rid my mouth of the bitter, reeking taste of urine.

—Andrew Taylor

I wish I could say that this book is about slavery, greed, violence and suffering. Unfortunately it isn't. This book is about honourable good-guys, snivelling bad guys and beautiful heroines. The book deals with the practice of "blackbirding", which flourished in the 1800s and involved persuading Pacific Islanders to work in the cane fields of Queensland. Many at the time believed that the hard labour performed in the Queensland sun was more suited to Pacific Islanders rather than whites. Even so, the only Islander in the book is a woman named Kiri, who learns perfect English in one month, never sets foot on a cane field and falls in love with a Chinese half-breed. Unfortunately, this man has a habit of whipping bad guys until they bleed and whimper, and being involved with little old Chinese men who trot rather than walk. The rest of the characters are English and live in comfortable homes in Brisbane. Any hopes for something straightforward and hard-hitting were dashed early on as I realised that each noun was out-numbered by at least three adjectives.

Having said all this, the story is really a rather good one. The characters are likeable, if simplified, and the pace is comfortable. In fact, I found that though it made me wince at times, I could not put the bloody thing down. So, if you want to read a realistic tale of suffering, choose Primo Levi. If you want one long roller-coaster of a cliché, this may be the book for you.

—Penny Craswell



## Getting Ahead in Tertiary Study

Chris Macqueen

Fortunately, Chris Macqueen's guide to success in University life is Australian, not American. This means that it is not full of advice about how to get the most out of your keg parties, which are the best fraternities, and how to maintain an adequate grade point average. However, even though it is Australian, it still does not include the necessary information the average uni student needs to get by.

The first section advocates a "balanced" lifestyle, so I was not surprised to find that there is no section on how to write an essay in twenty-four hours. This common-sense book fails to advise its readers about which stimulants keep you awake longest while being least detrimental to concentration levels. I found this book lacking in hints on brown-nosing your way to a HD, and it failed to answer the eternal question about who should be the target for such unbridled flattery: tutors or lecturers. There is a useful section on the Internet, which illustrated how it can be a useful study tool, but this section also lacked certain vital information necessary for today's tertiary student. For example, how to find dirty pictures on the net, and how to hide your screen in a crowded lab, just in case you do stumble across "Cyber-Bunny's Page of Debauchery".

This is the kind of book that those pesky mature age students probably read: the ones who like to prepare for a tutorial three weeks in advance, and who tend to finish all their assessment in the first few hours of a semester. My advice is that if you really want to get ahead at university, go and pay a visit to the friendly folk at the Study Skills Centre. Not only is it cheaper than this book, you also get a personalized service.

—Sam Upritchard

## What I'm reading



Georgia: 1st Year Arts/Drama  
Reading: *Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee* by Dee Brown  
Favourite: *Lovers and Gamblers* by Jackie Collins



John: 2nd Year Arts  
Reading: *Astonishing The Gods* by Ben Okri  
Favourite: *Red Earth*



Kathleen and Siobhan: 3rd Year Arts  
Reading: *Anna Karenina* by Tolstoy  
Favourite: *The Power and The Glory* and *Noddy's Adventures in Toyland*



Stephanie: 1st Year Science  
Reading: *Out of Africa* by E.M Forster  
Favourite: *Tomorrow When the War Began* by John Marsden



# film

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Wag the Dog

Barry Levinson

Wag the Dog is a brilliant movie based on the book *American Hero* starring Robert De Niro and Dustin Hoffman. It epitomises the political manipulation of the public through the media.

Dustin Hoffman and Robert De Niro give incredibly good and believable performances in their roles as a movie producer and a political fixer respectively.

The movie begins with a major political problem for the president of the US. There is only 12 days until an election and he and his staffers need a big event to distract the public and more importantly the media away from the amoral disaster that his private life has turned into. Enter Mr Fixit (Robert De Niro) who mobilises the White House media assistants into instant damage control. He decides the best event for distraction is a war. This decision sets the ball rolling for a roller coaster ride of excitement, drama and occasional humour that results in one of the best political satires of movie history.

Not surprisingly *Wag the Dog* was successful in America; probably in part due to the relevance of the current political situation and also because of a brilliant script and superb acting. It is worth mentioning one of the many highlights of the film; a cameo by singing legend Willie Nelson. I can't recommend this film highly enough, so get down to the cinema and see it while you've still got the chance.

—Kianna Lafferty

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Good Will Hunting

Gus Van Sant

This young genius story comes to us from the popular indie director Gus Van Sant, making a comeback after the disappointing *Even Cowgirls Get The Blues* and *To Die For*. Set in the working class suburbs of South Boston where 20 year old Will Hunting (Matt Damon, in a strong performance) lives alone in a dingy, one bedroom house, *Good Will Hunting* is about the tribulations of men growing up, and the realisation of one's potential.

When working as a janitor at MIT, Will succeeds in proving a highly complex problem posted on a notice board as a challenge to maths students. When he is spotted finishing an even more complex one by Gerard Lambeau (Stellan Skarsgaard), the maths professor, his genius is confirmed.

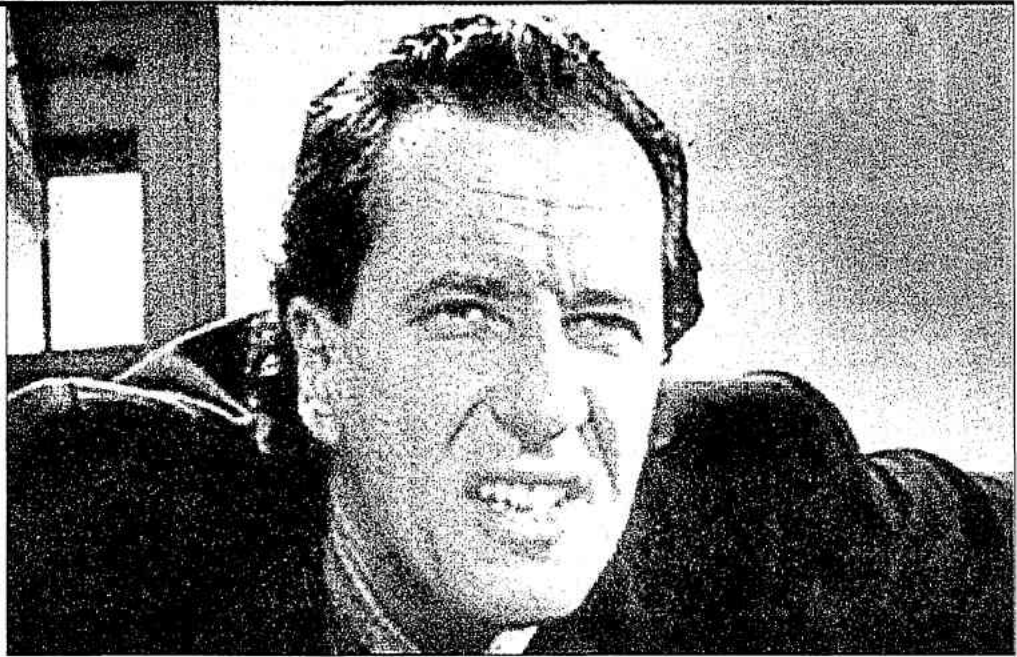
After a childhood grudge is settled via fist-cuffs between Will and a former bully, Will is sent to jail. Lambeau bargains with the judge to have him paroled under his supervision to work with him provided he sees a therapist. After Will outwits several counsellors, Lambeau finally tries his old friend, Sean Maguire (Robin Williams), himself from South Boston. After an Agent Starling/Hannibal Lecter-esque first encounter, Sean proves to be able to get through to the boy.

As you can see, the plot is nothing special, nor new. However, it is the dialogue and characters that you have paid for. Every character is lovingly, and fully, realised due to amount of work stars Matt Damon and Ben Affleck (of *Chasing Amy* fame) put into the script over the two years they wrote it. Key players such as Minnie Driver, as Skylar Will's love interest, and Affleck as Chuckie, Will's supportive best friend, both deliver outstanding performances in subdued roles. Skarsgaard also shines as the egotistical Lambeau. Williams gives his best performance since *Moscow on the Hudson*, and both he and Damon deserve their Oscar nominations.

While the storyline seems to be without originality, the dialogue written by the Affleck and Damon is not. As actors and young men, they have written dialogue that is both realistic and meaningful. While the "F" word frolics playfully here in its natural habitat (guys talking to each other), the script does not (thankfully) try to be too cool by adding pop words and phrases.

The visual style of the film is very much Van Sant, reminiscent of the mixture of sunlight and shadow in his 1989 feature *Drugstore Cowboy*. While appealing to mainstream audiences (*Good Will Hunting* has grossed over \$100 Million in the US), Van Sant has managed to keep the tone at a grass-roots independent level. Keep it in your mind as a companion piece to *Ferris Bueller's Day*

(left) This is some guy from *Boogie Nights*, apparently he has a big one



(above) *A Little Bit of Soul*: rush to see this film

Off — Bueller is about what young men want to be. *Hunting* is about who they think they are.

—Michael Bareja

★

A Little Bit of Soul

Peter Duncan

Written and directed by *Children of the Revolution's* Peter Duncan and starring talented actors like Geoffrey Rush and Frances O'Connor, it is a real mystery why this latest entry in the quirky-Australian-romantic-comedy genre is almost completely unfunny.

The film opens like a '30s-style screwball comedy. Most of the action is set at the home of rich and eccentric Grace Michael (Heather Mitchell) and her even more eccentric husband, and Federal Treasurer, Godfrey Usher (Geoffrey Rush). Grace invites scientist Richard Shorkinghorn (David Wenham) and his fellow scientist and ex-lover Kate (Frances O'Connor) to compete for a grant from Grace's foundation, with which to study the aging process. As the film develops, the screwball-comedy style is maintained while adding risqué touches like Satanic ritual murders.

*A Little Bit of Soul* has several (perhaps too many) good ideas, but the film seems to have been made from a rough draft of a screenplay rather than a finished one. The actors all hold their own, given their material, and at 80-odd minutes the film can't be called overlong, but none of it works — timing and delivery are off, there is a total lack of chemistry between Wenham and O'Connor and the music is obtrusive and poorly used. It may, as Peter Castaldi said "crack along like a whipper-snapper driven by Beelzebub himself", but if you want a funny comedy that you'll actually laugh at, rent *Happy Gilmore*.

—Robin Shortt

★

Boogie Nights

Paul Thomas Anderson

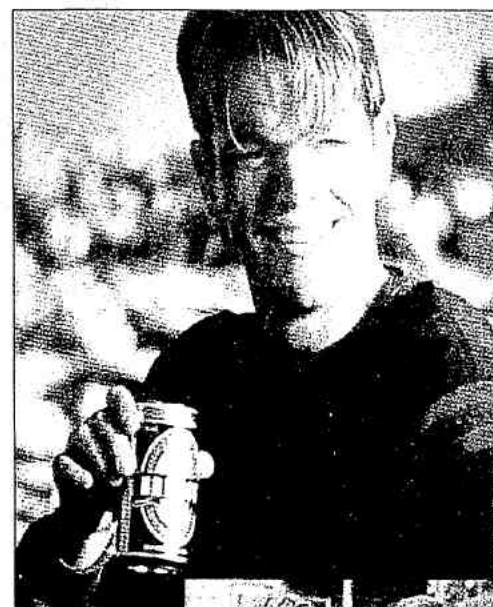
1970s; disco. Dirk Diggler; porn star. Immediately one begins to think of bad hair, bad clothes, bad dance moves but above all, sexually frivolous fun. This film has all of this but attempts to go much deeper. Using the San Fernando Valley adult film industry of the late 70s as the setting, porn film devotee, writer/director Paul Thomas Anderson has made a movie about how self-seeking greed and individualism in the pursuit of happiness leads to the corruption of people's lives and souls. This descent is marked with a transition from the fun filled success of the 70s to the coke sniffing video era of the anxious early eighties.

The story follows a classic Hollywood tale of one person's meteoric rise and fall. Mark Wahlberg plays the dish washing seventeen year old Eddie Adams who has, as he believes, a "special gift"; this being a 13" penis. Successful adult film director Jack Horner (Burt Reynolds) spots Adams and quickly transforms him into America's hottest porn star Dirk Diggler. Adams is soon ensconced into Horner's porn film family. His acceptance is aided by the mother and daughter type figures of fellow actors Amber Waves (Julianne Moore) and Rollergirl (Heather Graham). Predictably enough, as the members of the family take loyalty and success for granted, things start to fall apart. You would think that after two hours and thirty-five minutes Anderson would have dealt with his issues sufficiently enough to affect his audience. Unfortunately the viewer leaves the theatre thinking "so what?"

Paul Thomas treats his characters, and their problems, which are the issues of the film, very superficially. Eddie Adams is supposed to be an innocent kid corrupted by the trappings of stardom. However, the film reveals early on that he wasn't so innocent. Sure, he was living at home with an abusive mother, but at the same time masturbating for men for a quick ten dollars. Anderson also presumes that the audience will sympathise with Amber's custody battle for her child and that the mere virtue of her two-minute on screen outburst of emotion will render the performance heart-wrenching. It doesn't.

*Boogie Nights* also fails to acknowledge the fact that the industry thrives on the exploitation of people as mere commodities. Anderson plays on the theme of 'one big party' ad nauseam and consequently spends too little time on character development. Despite good performances from the cast and excellent cinematography, this glossed over, indulgent retrospective fails to impact.

—Thom Stipe



(above and right) Mmmmm Matt Damon





# what's on

## Fish

The Bangarra Dance Theatre is coming to Canberra to perform their new dance work *Fish* from the 21-25 of April at the Playhouse. Drawing on the relationship between Aboriginal peoples and the land, *Ochres*, the company's first dance piece explored the mystical significance of the substance of ochre, inspired by its spiritual and medicinal power. *Fish* continues the story of the earth and the base power of the elements, taking the journey to the vast bodies of water. As disparate and as diverse as Aboriginal identity itself, *Fish* celebrates the seas, the rivers, the swamps, and the wealth of life and mystery they contain.

Marilyn Miller, one of the dancers in the company, describes the production in three parts. "The first part is called 'Swamp'. The dancer's movements are focused around some reeds, and when we are behind the reeds we are in the spiritual world and whenever we are in front we become part of the physical world. Our role as dancers is to coax the central female dancer through the spiritual world to the physical, it's like an initiation ceremony." The second section is called 'Traps'. The dancers call it the 'Madonna section', it's basically where we cut loose and fancy free. The third section is 'Reef' and it's the cleansing section, we take everything and round it off, it has a real underwater feel to it." Miller describes the company as a "small group of eight, four females and four males, as well as three trainees."

Most of the dancers have learnt to fuse different styles of dance and this is brought to the fore in Bangarra's work. Miller claims "at dance college we were encouraged to play with different dance techniques from our very first year and it introduced us to many different forms of dance. Now when we get the opportunity to choreograph we use our knowledge of these techniques and produce something unique. Dancing in Bangarra is really just an extension of what we started to practice in our college days. The fusion of dance styles that's so prevalent these days isn't something that happened all of a sudden, it's been happening for the past few years." Tickets for *Fish* are available from Canberra Ticketing on (02) 6257 1077 or 1800 802 025 interstate free call. To make a group booking call (02) 6243 5709.

## Fluent at the Drill Hall

*Fluent* is Australia's representative exhibition at the 47th Venice Biennale and features the work of Emily King Kngwarreye, Yvonne Koolmatrie and Judy Watson.

Kngwarreye's 'stripe' paintings are bold and energetic and call to mind the body painting for ceremonial performance. Koolmatrie is a leading practitioner of a rare form of Ngarrindjeri weaving traditional to the Riverland country of South Australia. The works displayed bring out the sculptural quality in the complicated traditional craft. Watson's free flowing canvases evoke the colours and textures of the Australian landscape while implicating the hidden narratives associated with the land.

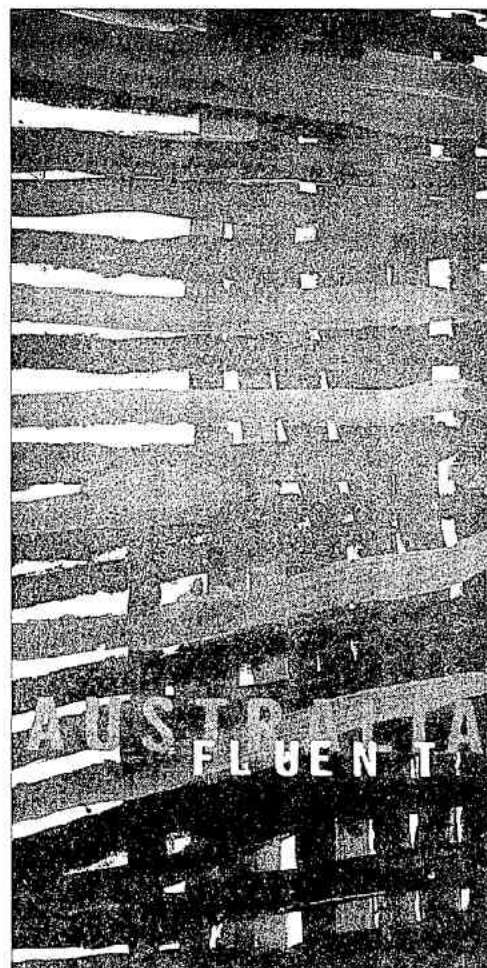


(above) Marilyn Miller will perform in Bangarra's *Fish* from 21-25th April at the new Playhouse

The Drill Hall Gallery is on ANU Campus just behind Toad Hall. Admission is free so take some time out between lectures to wander through. *Fluent* continues until 3rd May 1998.

## Speaking of Playwrights

The 25th National Playwrights Conference is to be held at the ANU from the 12th to 26th of April. It is an opportunity for writers to develop their new plays and hear from top theatre professionals about the craft of playwriting. The Australian National Playwrights Centre, responsible for co-ordinating the conference, has developed works by some of Australia's leading writers - Hilary Bell, Peter Carey, Michael Gow, Dorothy Hewett, Alma de Groen and John Romeril to name a few. For information about registration phone the ANPC on (02) 95559377.



(above) See *Fluent* at the Drill hall Gallery - it's "vibrant, challenging, and innovative"

## Thrills at the Theatre

*Prime Suspect* is Duncan Ley's debut as a playwright and promises a shocking murder, a man in custody who can't remember, and a psychiatrist who must make him. The clock is ticking and this is the last weekend you can catch this stage thriller. 1st-4th April. 8pm at the Currong Contemporary Arts Theatre, Gorman house. Tickets \$15/10 conc.

## Photo Opportunity.

ATTENTION all you keen amateur photographers out there. Here is your opportunity to make a snappy start on your career in the dynamic world of photomedia. The Yellowglen Young photographers Awards are now on. If you're aged between 18 and 30 and are an Australian based amateur photographer, you can enter. Contact Polarity Consultants on (03) 9429 7166 for an entry form but you better hurry because entries close on 20th May 1998.

## Something in the way

Some of you may remember a couple of years ago, the sculpture installation on the grassy slopes of the Parliament House. Hundreds of corrugated iron dingoes were at liberty to romp over the house of government and it was quite an odd sight for the few weeks it lasted. This month Canberra will experience the abundant talents of sculptors from all over the place. It is the Canberra National Sculpture Forum running from April 3rd till 26th and here is just an introduction to the huge range of exhibitions and activities associated with the event. There are a total of 23 projects displayed in outdoor spaces and in public buildings and galleries throughout Canberra.

On campus we have the ANU Drill Hall Gallery which will feature works by Ingo Kleinert - an exhibition called *In Place*. Also at the Drill Hall is Jan Brown's *Völuspá* a collection of drawings and sculptures. Both open on Thursday 2nd of April and continue showing until 3rd May.

The ANU Canberra School of Art is host to three exhibitions. One in the Gallery called *Inside the Bower* - artist Kevin Mortensen - open Wed-Fri 10.30-5. Sat-Sun Noon-5pm. Sieglinde Karl's *Healing Mandala - 365 Offerings* in the Foyer Gallery; Mon-Fri 9am-9pm. Sat-Sun noon-5pm. Judith Kentish is exhibiting *Blister Sacs* in the Photospace Gallery. We all know how stressful and monotonous an endless series of lectures and tutes can be, so while there is something interesting happening on campus, at the School of Art, go look and see.

A little further afield we have the National Botanic Gardens which is featuring a number of artists including Sieglinde Karl, whose ephemeral works will be on display throughout the forum. The works blend with the natural surrounds, so why not discover them for yourself. Botanic Gardens are open 9am till 5pm daily. Call the visitors centre for more information on 62506547.

Down by the lake near the High Court of Australia you might come across Rebecca Cummins' *Rainbow Machine*, a water installation.

Or perhaps if your wandering in a daze through the Commonwealth Park you will be inspired by Bert Flugelman's six *tetrahedrons*, an inflated plastic tube installation in the Nerang Pool.

There will be a *Tower of Shoes* by Hayley Hillis outside the Canberra Centre Bunda Street entrance as well as Anny Murphy's *Monument to Bouncer* on the City walk side. Keep an eye out for all these sculpture installations and more from Friday 3rd April.

Don't forget to check out the regional art galleries around the city like the Canberra Contemporary Arts Space at Gorman House or the new Canberra Museum and Gallery on London Circuit. All are featuring exhibitions connected to the Forum. If you head over to Kingston you will find aGOG (Australian Girls Own Gallery) with Irene Briant's *Landmarks and Curiosities* opening on the 11th.

canberra national  
SCULPTURE  
**FORUM**  
**98**  
april 3 - 26

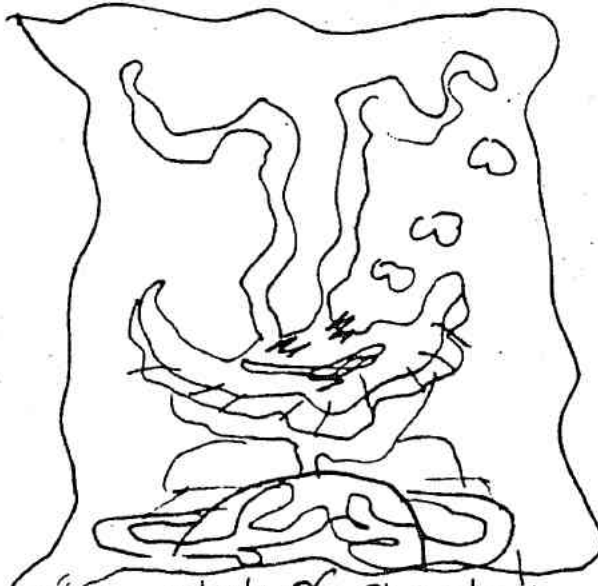
CANBERRA THEATRE CENTRE PRESENTS  
**Bangarra**  
Dance Theatre  
Direction and Choreography Stephen Page  
Original Music David Page  
Direct from hit seasons at the Edinburgh Festival & The Festival of the Dreaming  
*Ochres* explored the land and our relationship to it. *Fish* continues the story with the journey through three water worlds of Swamp, Traps and Reef.  
21-25 April The Playhouse  
TICKET PRICES  
Evenings (21-24 April 8pm, 25 April 8.30pm)  
Adult \$32, Con \$24, Groups \$28 (min 10).  
Youth (27 & under) \$21 (21 April only)  
Matinee (25 April at 4pm) Adult \$28, Con \$21\*  
\*These prices are available in person at venue. Additional phone charges apply.  
CALL CANBERRA TICKETING 6257 1077/1800 802 025 (interstate)  
GROUPS: (02) 6243 5709



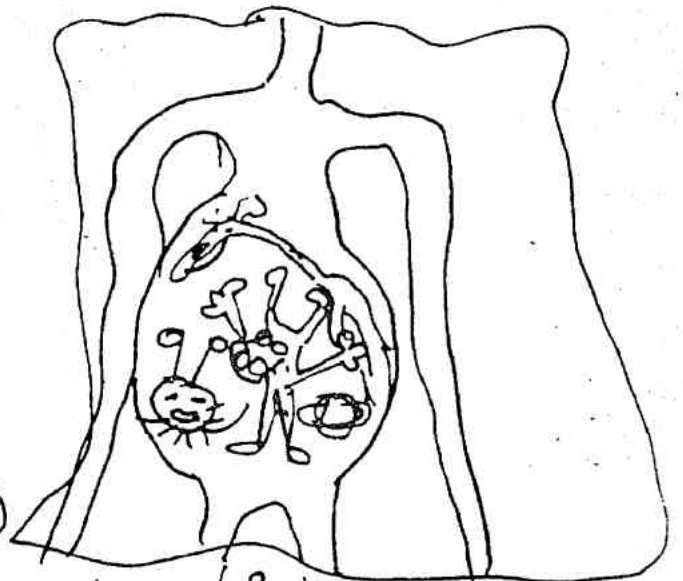
the life and times of greg the Rabbit  
in  
(extendo-stomach) (or, hellalugh a, pregnancy test)



greg woke up, and was immediately shocked by his tremendous, yet strangely pleasing stomach



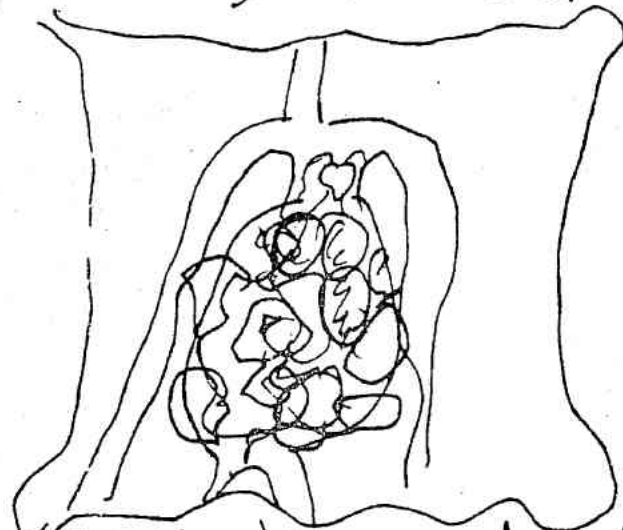
In this state of shock, he went through a series of possible (and quite humorous) explanations.



maybe his stomach was inhabited by aliens



maybe the whole word was zapped by shrinking powers, and the only thing that had survived was his stomach



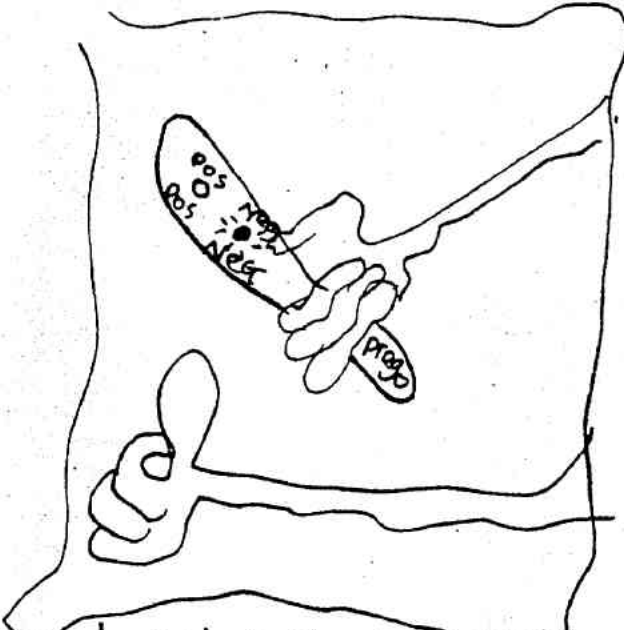
maybe his insides had just plain old enlarged (anatomical view)



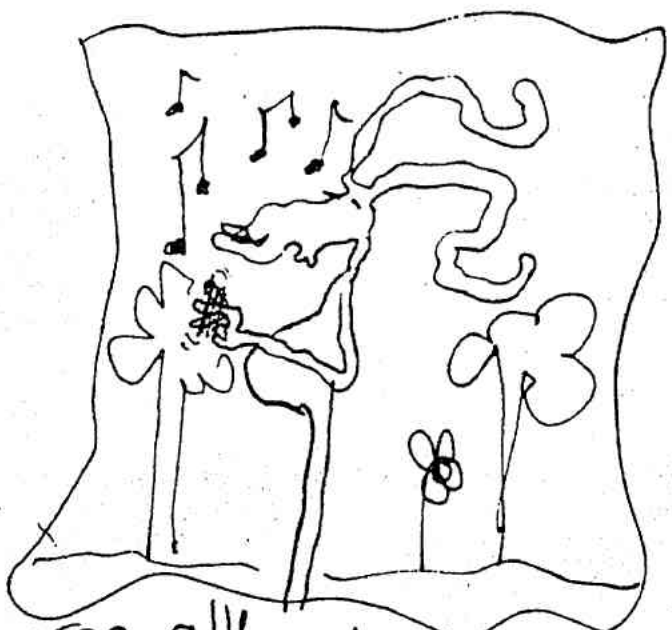
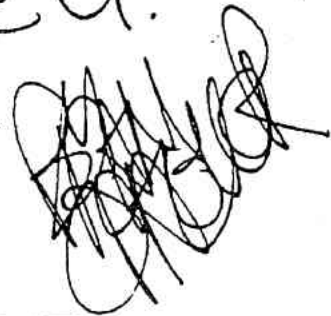
or maybe, and this seemed the most reasonable reason, he was pre-natal



he decided to get a home pregnancy test to clear up the mess



IT WAS NEG.



greg, although not entirely sure what the abbreviation stood for, decided to enjoy life anyway



## Fact File

### Why Hamilton?

Hamilton Island comes recommended over the other Whitsunday Islands because there is much more to do and staff have greater freedom. Other islands may pay, house and feed you slightly better but you usually sacrifice your freedom and have to stay in a staff compound.

### Getting there

\*21 day advance purchase airfare with Ansett to Proserpine is \$480 return.

\*21 day advance purchase airfare with Ansett to Hamilton Island is \$448 from Canberra and \$430 from Sydney. These are both return airfare prices.

\*Accommodation in Youth Hostels on Airlie Beach is approximately \$15/night for bunk rooms and \$20 per person for a double room.

\*Fantasea boat to Hamilton Island \$40 return and includes lunch.

\*Bus fare to Schute Harbour is \$8 return.

### Weather

\*Summer is the wet season but it doesn't usually hit until February. There is the threat of Cyclones and you can also be hit with atrocious weather if there is a cyclone nearby. The bonus to this though is that all the staff get put in the convention centre and there is a big cyclone party.

### Tips for getting a job

\*Perhaps an obvious tip is to be well presented but it is surprising how many people think that an interview for work on an island requires you to look like a native island dweller and come dressed in a sarong, sipping a cocktail out of a hollowed out pineapple.

\*Have a detailed resume because if you apply through an agency they will need to know just how many positions you may be suited to.

\*Tell them you are going to stay for a long time and be prepared to tell them you have experience in just about everything.

### Eye openers

\*75% of staff wages go back into the Island (mostly through alcohol sales)

\*2 litres of milk and a loaf of bread is \$6

### Recruitment

Adroit Operations PTY LTD

PO Box R634

Royal Exchange

Sydney

NSW 2000

PH (02) 9251 1199

## Thunder in Paradise

ing up fifty five hours a week, cash was rolling in, weather was improving and I was getting used to tacky blonde fluoro clad patrons.

The bulk of the work on Hamilton Island is in hospitality. Food and beverage attendance, bartending, conventions and outdoor services are the most common and often most competitive, but there is also mini bar servicing and room service. The hardest work to get is often guest relations and reception work. Housekeeping is probably the next biggest employment area. Not only are there many, many rooms to clean but there are also countless public areas to-keep spick and span for the paying masses. Porterage is also an option and it looked like a pretty cruisey job to me. Porters spoke of being tipped frequently but I will have to admit it is still a male dominated

boxes you see on construction sites. A single costs \$25 per week including electricity and a double is \$55 per week. Bathroom arrangements are communal but doubles have a sink and you can get a box with air conditioning. This accommodation is actually condemned and your rent goes to the hotel so that they can pay the fine for having people staying in condemned buildings. I am sure you could make a very convincing World Vision advertisement here. However, Donga City, DC to the initiated, is a great place to meet other staff and you learn to appreciate better accommodation. The

hotel is currently arranging to tear down DC and encourage staff to commute to the Island. I doubt that this will be taken up as a viable option because it will add an extra \$20 per week expense, and if it does happen it will defeat the purpose of living and

working on an Island.

Working did tend to be the focus of my life up there but I did intend to have a working holiday. Of course the beach is the best option because it's free and at low tide you can do some excellent snorkelling. The main beach is quite rocky and full of guests so if you're tired of being nice to people, there are some excellent walks to escape to and you often find secluded beaches and the occasional German naturalist. If you're really keen you can camp out on these beaches. Most of the tour operators offer good staff discounts on trips to the outer reef and Whitehaven Beach. There are also a number of ex-Sydney to Hobart and America's

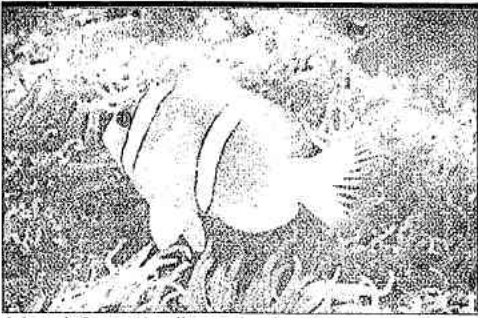
Cup yachts up there that you can have a luxury day aboard. All these trips include lunch and are really worthwhile. Just once you should get up at 4am, climb Passage Peak, and watch the sun come up. The most regular form of entertainment is, not surprisingly, going to the pub. If you're not a big drinker you will be by the time you leave. Friday night is the biggest night on the island and everyone ends up at Nellies, not because it's unreal but because it's the only nightclub on the island.

I'm still not really sure how to package my experience but I will say that it took me a couple of weeks to settle in. Many people take to it straight away and maybe it's because, unlike me, they do not believe 'holiday' to be the operative word in 'working holiday'. I can say with confidence though, that it was the best thing I could have done with my summer holidays and that I'm so glad that I realised I didn't have to go overseas to see scenery of true magnificence.

occupation. All these jobs mentioned are operated under Hamilton Island Enterprises and the only thing bad about this is that there is a heap of hierarchy and bueracracy which at times can be as stifling as living on the island. You can't always get away from it but chanting a relaxing mantra like "I am only here for a short time" seems to help you escape insane staff bitching and petty politics. The other way you can get work which is slightly more devoid of hierarchy is with concessionaires. These are businesses separate from the actual resort and range from sandwich shops to gift shops, the pay is often better here and the working conditions more relaxed. The drawback in working for commisionaires and not HIE is not being entitled to \$1 staff meals at the canteen. These are called SRMs - if you know why please tell me.

Accommodation is precarious and is aptly named 'dongas'. They are long rows of demountables and are identical to those little

of rage by dumb school kids in lycra wearing mini backpacks. If I've inspired you and you have leapt out of your chair exclaiming "Yeah. Goddamit I'm goin' skating this weekend..." here are some directions: head for Woden Plaza, turn into Phillip and you will find it opposite the Pizza Hut.



(above) Go to Hamilton Island and see pretty fish

In about September of last year with my final summer break approaching, I decided that I was going to do something worthwhile. Which meant I did not want to spend my holidays in Canberra. My budget did not allow for overseas travel, but I still wanted to do something a bit different and exotic - I wanted to work on Hamilton Island. I tried going through a recruitment agency. I was a bit slack and didn't get my resume to them until early October, and I received a reply about three weeks later saying that I had missed the Christmas intake but had been allocated an interview time in February! This was not what I wanted to hear so I decided to abandon the agency and arrive on the island jobless. My boyfriend and I went together and arrived one week before Christmas which we discovered was the worst possible time for getting work. We knew that Hamilton Island usually hired staff through an agency but we were counting on them being keen to hire people on the spot also. Had we been there a week earlier this would have been the case, and we would have been able to pick and choose between swanning about in clothing boutiques or rubbing shoulders with the faux riche in one of the cocktail lounges. I was prepared to come home humiliated and even poorer until I decided to give the last shop on the island a go. I couldn't have stumbled into that Surf Shop at a more opportune moment - I started the following weekend. My previous retail and hospitality experience helped me to pick up another job in the restaurant and I was clock-

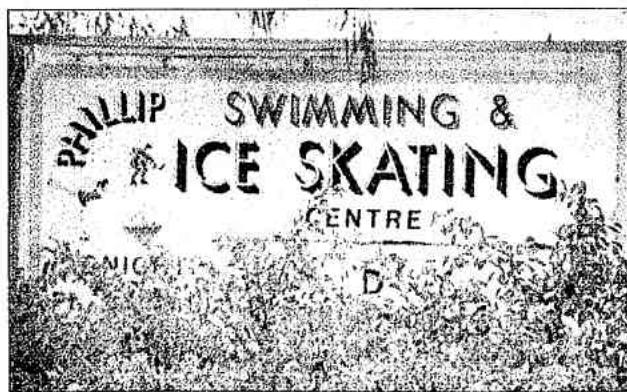


(above) Some perv took a photo of this scantily clad girl swimming underwater

getting out there

## & dealing with being stuck here

frollickin'



### Ice Skatin'

It's time to let booners know that they can no longer dominate Canberra's only ice skating rink. Ice skating is great fun, its a little out of the

food

### The Aegean

The coolest thing about Greek restaurants is that if you break a plate, they simply send you some more champagne. While there was no plate throwing at the Aegean, there was lots of great food and service.

With very little on the menu over ten dollars, friendly staff and a newly painted, mediterranean in the middle of Canberra vibe, the Aegean is a safe bet for a good, affordable meal. We tried a selection of dishes which were representative of the greek cuisine on offer, starting with the wonderful olive oily greek salad (\$7.50), and bread with a selection of dips (\$4.00 each). The Aegean offers a large range of main meals, including seven vegetarian options. We tried the lamb and pork souvlaki (\$10.90 for three moist succulent pieces

of meat), and followed up with the Aegean special prawns, which were \$14.00 and well worth it for that extra bit of self indulgence. It was nice to finish up the mains with a few lighter vegetarian pieces, including gorgeous vegetable patties (kolokitho-keftethes, at \$7.90 for 5), and yemista (stuffed seasonal vegetables, also \$8.50).

The Aegean is a great place to turn to if its late and you've forgotten to cook, and might also make a nice drop in centre for a coffee and a smoke. Enjoy.

(left) The Aegean is a great restaurant and gave Waroni a lovely free meal





## Etiquette Tips



### Mourning: how to do it politely

Mourning rules have been greatly modified in recent years, but this does not show any disrespect for the deceased. Today there is no set mourning period and it is quite in order for women to attend funerals. While many people still prefer to wear black, especially members of the immediate family, ordinary sombre clothes in subdued colours are quite acceptable. For men black ties are considered an essential mark of respect, but crepe arm bands once worn on the left arm are rarely seen. Flowers sent to a funeral are addressed "To the funeral of..." but not to the deceased or the family. At the service close friends sit behind the family, less intimate friends further back. Relatives and close friends usually pay a condolence call at the family home shortly after the funeral. Short sympathetic letters with a few words of appreciation about the deceased are preferable to lengthy, emotional letters. Last but not least, a most important rule should be mentioned - under no circumstances are you to mimic the deceased's voice calling "Let me out I'm alive."

### What diz Diddy do?



My dad is an expert on installing and design-ing with fake wood veneer panels. I am posing here in front of his most favourite wall. His dream is to make a veneer panel that looks so much like wood people think that it is wood. Dad reckons CSR got the idea for wood panels from him because he was covering the walls of our house with that 'contact' that looks like wood ages before panels were around. He's even got plans to invent veneer panels that smell like wood and panels that smell like fresh paint for up to 3 years!

My Dad is unreal and I reckon I look like him which is not a problem because some people have said that my dad looks like Russel Gilbert and he is funny.



## Treasures

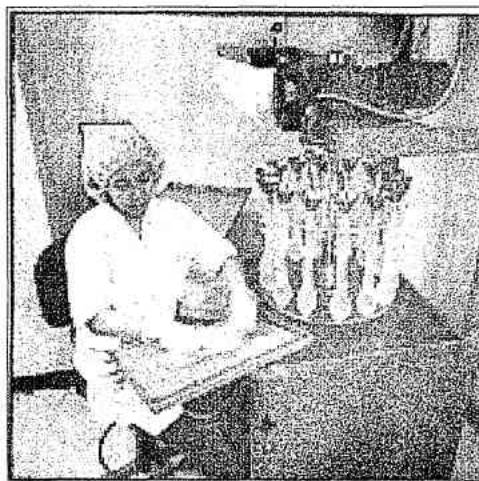
We have finally received some entrants for our Kylie and Jason look-a-like competition. We would like to thank them and say that we think the standard is going to be very high and we are quite excited. We are still waiting on confirmation from either Kylie or Jason to see whether they are willing to judge the finalists. I think they are postponing deciding because the resemblances with some of these entrants is so godamn freaky they might find it a bit hard to deal with. Breville are graciously supplying prizes to all runners up. The girls will all receive crimping irons and the guys will receive copies of the now deleted Neighbours board game. So if you think you look like 'Scott or Charlene' don't hesitate in sending your photo into *Woroni*, accompany your photo with a note telling us little bit about yourselves and you could have the chance of appearing as an extra at Madge and Harold's wedding.

## Uni Schmuni

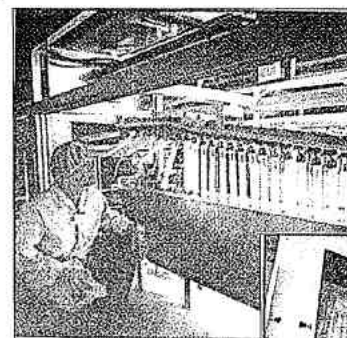
### Why not be a ... Condom Tester

If you're sick of uni and you realise that your passion for chemistry has ceased being the driving force in your life, then why not become a condom tester for Durex? You still get to wear a lab coat.

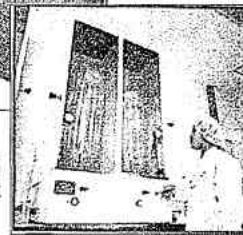
You may become disillusioned by the glamorous nature of this job but *Woroni* will put a stop to that now by explaining that there is no sex involved. Testing 'Johnnies' is a serious business, it may just look like these hard working people are making balloons and water bombs but what they are doing is saving the world OK. So give it some thought — Condom Testing is as taxing as Engineering but we can assure you that you will receive much more gratitude and credibility.



(above) Why go to uni when you could be getting paid for doing this?



(right) Condom Testing is a serious and scientific job



(left) Condom inflating machines are always great fun at parties

### Mother knows best

This issue, *Woroni* brings back *Mother Knows Best* to help you with your home stain problems. Cut out this handy chart and stick it up in the laundry as a handy reference guide.

## OUT damned spot

Stain	Fresh	Old or Stubborn
Blood	Soak in cold water (a spoon of salt can help); or hold under running cold water. Then wash in warm soapy water. Never use hot water initially.	After a cold water soak, soak in a mix of hydrogen peroxide and water.
Ink	Soak or sponge with cold water, then wash in a strong solution of washing powder or liquid.	Rub with glycerine and leave overnight; or soak in borax powder and water for an hour, then wash.
Lipstick	Sponge with dry cleaning fluid or eucalyptus first, rub glycerine on any residual stain, then wash.	If colour remains, sponge with a hydrogen peroxide mix or dye stripper. Then rinse well and wash.
Urine	Add white vinegar to warm water and soak; or sponge with weak ammonia mix, then cold rinse and wash.	Rub with white vinegar, lemon juice or eucalyptus oil.
Chewing Gum	Let it set and dry out. To speed the hardening process, rub it with an ice-cube. Once gum is hard, crack it and pick it off.	Wet with white vinegar and water (50:50) for eight hours or overnight, then rinse and wash.
	Scrape off any residue, then soak in water and oxygen bleach with an enzyme washing powder. Wash as usual.	Once gum is hard, crack it and pick it off. Sponge any remaining stain with methylated spirits or drycleaning fluid and then wash.
		Treat with hydrogen peroxide ; or apply a paste of borax and water, let it dry, and then wash.

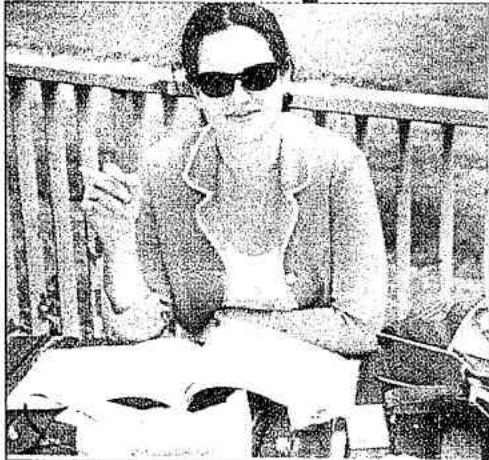


# paparazzi paparazzi!

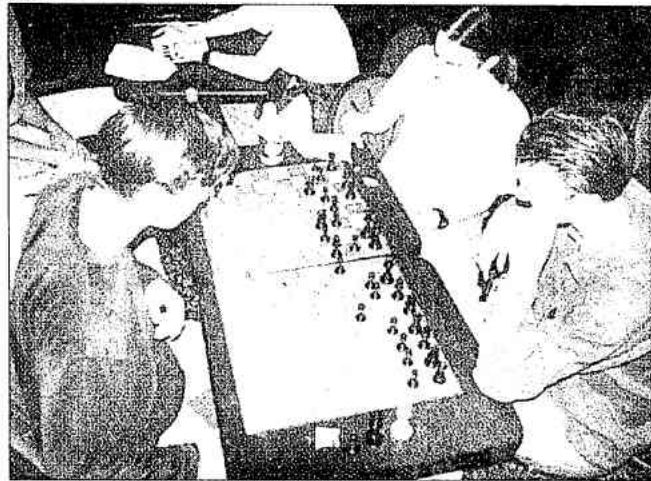
Photos by Jason Richardson

# UNI BAR

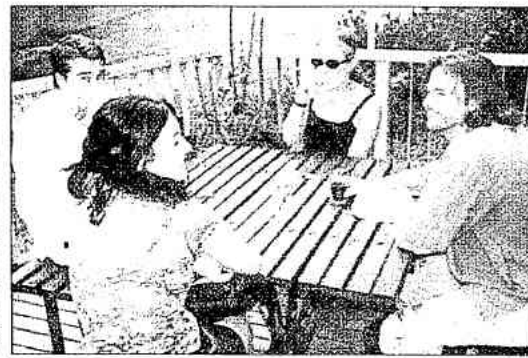
12.00pm



(above) Law glamour puss enjoys a beer and a ciggy with her cottage cheese sandwich



(above) The more you drink the better you get at chess



(left) Woroni delights in making people self-conscious

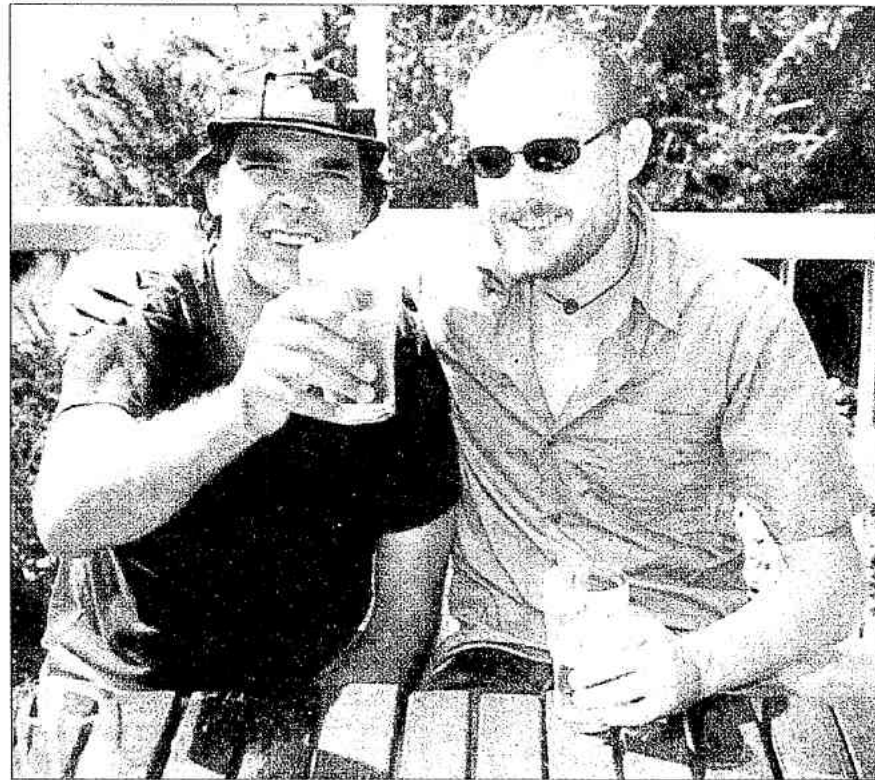
(right) Woroni agrees with any sentiment that combines protest and beer



3.00pm

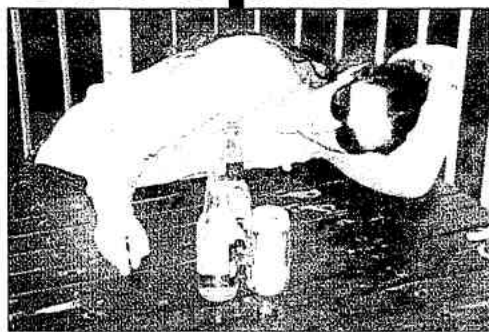


(above) Ben Halliday (on holiday) of the Socialist Workers eyed the Woroni cameras warily, with good reason. Love ya Ben

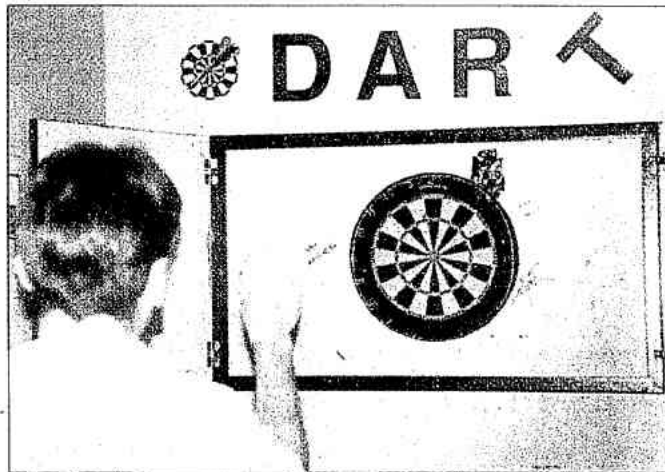


(above) True Love blossoms at the Uni bar

6.00pm



(above) Suffering sexist taunts and trauma after Woroni's Abortion feature, the poor girl finally breaks down



(above) Exclusive to ANU — play a game of "Dar"

9.00pm

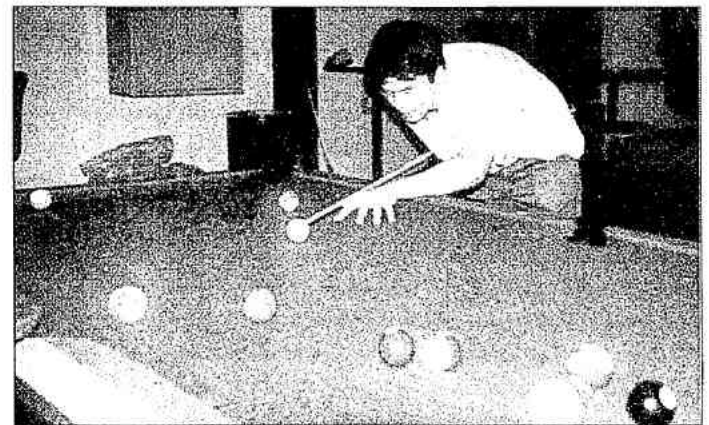


(above) Vomiting in the recycling bin — an irony that hasn't escaped our notice

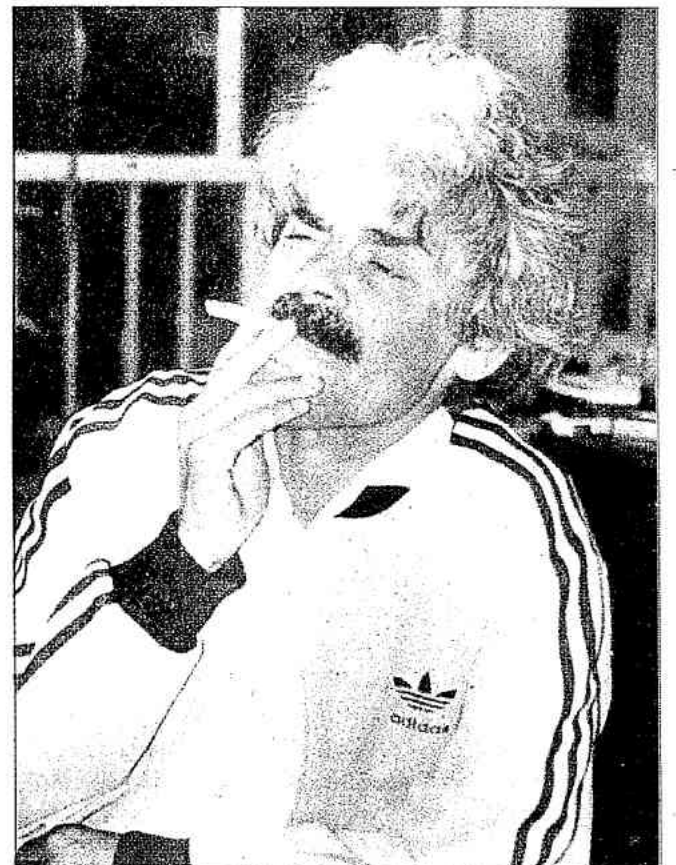


(above) Even a complete bitch can get someone to buy her a drink at the uni bar

(below) John proves that drinking alone is not a crime



(above) We could make sinking ball jokes but they wouldn't be funny



(above) Few realise that Einstein is alive and well and taking a tenured position at ANU



(above) One of the few un-posed photos in this issue of Woroni



# footnotes



(above) Kung-Fu man, alias Geir Fokstuen, teaches the way of the tiger and the snake



and (below) he also wears an ANU signet ring  
photos: Jason Richardson

kung-fu

## Five Minutes

- Q: What does your first name mean?**  
A: Spear.
- Q: Do you have any pets?**  
A: Currently no, but German Shepherds and I have been family friends for a long time.
- Q: How old are you?**  
A: I'm 52
- Q: What is your favourite item of clothing?**  
A: I guess my jeans.
- Q: What is your favourite uni bar food?**  
A: Chips, with lots of salt.
- Q: What is your favourite music?**  
A: Ahh, there you've got me, I get into anything from rock and roll through to classics.
- Q: Do you ever read Woroni?**  
A: Yes, all the time.
- Q: Are you married?**  
A: No, never have been.
- Q: What do you think of the current climate of funding cuts at the ANU?**  
A: I think it is terrible, it is going to detract from a good body of minds to come, with very negative returns. I actually think I've seen the best parts of uni life.
- Q: What other kinds of jobs have you had?**  
A: Amongst many other things I've been a part-time astrologer which just meant I was counselling people.

If you've ever sat in the Uni Bar beer garden sipping away at your drink you may have noticed a mystery man off to the left making rather Bruce Lee-esque kung-fu moves among the poplars. Who is he, what is he doing and will he beat me to a bloody pulp if I call out something rude may have been questions crossing your mind. Well *Woroni* gives you all the answers in the Geir J. Fokstuen story.

**Q: Where were you born and when did you come here?**

A: I'm from Norway and I came to Australia as a young teenager aged 12. We went to Melbourne for 6 months and then to Canberra where I've been since.

**Q: Why did your family come here?**

A: For business and they liked it enough to stay. They came as paying guests so that meant there were not the pressures imposed on job directions and life directions as for those who migrated under some Government assisted scheme.

**Q: What are you studying at the ANU now?**

A: Well, when I left high school I came to the ANU to do a Law degree. When I decided to come back in 1984 (I didn't finish the Law degree by the way), then my choice was Science. That was followed by a Graduate Diploma in Soil Science and Forestry and that then took me onto the Masters degree that I am hopefully completing now, which is looking at forest soil ecology.

**Q: What do you plan to do when you finish?**

A: Oh, I think a PhD sounds good. I don't think the old university is going to get rid of me yet. The more information the better. I'd like to use the knowledge either in a consultancy way or even in terms of aid projects in under-developed countries.

**Q: You're rather well known around campus for your martial art performances over by Sullivan's Creek and we, and everyone else, want to know what you do?**

A: Okay, to start the journey, it is a bit of a journey too, like most things in my life. I had early martial arts training as my father was involved in it. So for a sport I developed my skills in martial art and also in fencing. As a fencer I represented the ACT, I was fit then you see. But the external forms of martial art, Karate is the generic term, were high impact; you know you slam into the attacking limb and that will give both people bruises. I thought this was a bit much and found myself drawn to the low impact forms of the Chinese philosophies generically referred to as Kung Fu, or the empty hand. So, along the path, I ended up developing a system of martial arts which was innovative enough to be recognised by Masters of martial arts internationally and locally.

**Q: What is it called?**

A: My form of martial art is called Hu-She Do. That means the way of the tiger and the snake. The tiger represents the male external in Chinese philosophy and the snake refers to the internal energy levels. In order to be balanced you need to have the use of the external, the tiger, and it has to blend with the internal, which is the snake.

**Q: So you created your own style?**

A: Yes, but it's like many things, you have to work with the platform or planks. So you can change the platform so it looks like an entirely different thing but still you are talking about and dealing with the basics.

**Q: What does it involve?**

A: There is a stress on meditation. Now meditation has many many reasons, like life in general right. But I teach breath meditation, where you visualise the breath going down the ventral at the front and it circles up your spine and comes to the medulla oblongata (the bit where the spinal cord goes into the brain stem) where then it resonates for awhile and you breathe it out. This is called Turning the Wheel.

**Q: What effect does this breathing have?**

A: This allows you to breathe according to your heart rate. You inhale and count to 5 or 8 in time with your heartbeat, ie. 1 and 2 and 3. Then you hold it for the same duration, you exhale for the same duration and you hold again. So under stress, for instance exam stress or an emotional change of some kind, you focus on your breath and count it and you can include a mantra or prayer like 'I will succeed'. You repeat that in time with your heartbeat and you can lower your stress levels in

2 or 3 cycles. That to me is wonderful because you know stress is there as a fight or flight type of syndrome but if you maintain your stress level constantly we have good medical evidence that this can cause all sorts of problems, respiratory problems, cancer. To me, teaching my form of martial art enables the student then to manage their inner self better and thus maintain a level of health beyond the environmental input.

**Q: Are you teaching now?**

A: I recommended private lessons on campus in the late 1980's, since then I've produced 32 personally trained black belts most of whom are going for 2nd or 3rd degrees at this establishment or overseas, but alack I haven't had time to train anyone myself at the moment. There was a time when I was giving something like 20 hour long lessons per week and still doing my science degree so it took me a bit longer than it should have but you know maybe I wasn't so sharp at the time.

**Q: The stereotype of martial arts is generally that they are for fighting and beating people up - how do you see it.**

A: There is a large percentage of the population that have a picture of martial arts as you describe, there are lots of movies and so on so there is no wonder about that. When I worked at the Uni Bar here for awhile as security often one would end up being the lone ranger on a band night with 1500 people. Fortunately, we didn't have too many problems because the attitude of security, in my opinion, was that issues could be quelled without resorting to force and if someone did throw punches you'd wrap them up using holds and talk them down and escort them out.

**Q: So you prefer not to use your martial art training in a forceful way?**

A: Certainly, well you know to do damage to another individual can be easily done with training. It can also be quite devastating as an accidental movement; you know swinging your hand around and poke someone's eye out, terrible sort of stuff. Actually in my sojourn over the years going to night-clubs and being in different cities where trouble may erupt, I've found that my self confidence has carried me through. If you are walking along or having a quiet drink with friends and a gang of bullies arrive, usually they will pick someone they have a feeling about as being weaker or afraid or not sure of themselves. What martial art training as a way of self-defence will do is give you a degree of confidence you didn't have before so that you can handle certain things and that may keep a potential attacker from assaulting you.

**Q: Do you teach people to fight back?**

A: I do teach the moves that are most efficient at neutralising the attack, thereby allowing or creating an opening to return the favour if one would want to do so. Having brushed aside a strike it is easy to return, but that is when you have to start thinking in terms of what are the repercussions: you know, will I inflame or neutralise the situation?

**Q: Have you ever had to do that?**

A: Oh yes, definitely and yet I've never had to hit someone with anger. It has usually been enough of a demonstration that their best shot was like nothing, maybe they will get a slap in return and they will back off. Usually cowards will attack out of the blue so if confronted with the possibility of getting hurt they'll generally not engage, unless they are already inflamed due to something in their system that overrides their better judgement. Who knows.

**Q: Why do you teach at Sullivan's Creek?**

A: I enjoy training in the poplars because it is about getting in tune with nature actually as you are doing it. Standing inside four walls can be off-putting. Better to be out in nature is my personal opinion, and the poplars are water-associated trees. You know from a Taoist point of view, it's all part of the flow of things.



# Redemption

## The story so far:

When you last saw Detective James (or Jones?) he was attempting to ritually disembowel himself in order to gain hard core street cred. However a timely intervention offers our fucked up anti hero an opportunity for redemption.

Some asshole pushed open the door and a fucking wave of panic swept over me as I realised I was threatened with exposure. As the dirty light of the dingy inner city hovel that was the corridor outside my suitably degraded apartment flooded the room I knew my hope of ever achieving true fucked up slacker street cred grunge status, through my hitherto subtle and ironic actions, had been annihilated forever. Caught trying to be fucking fucked-up is the mark of a truly pathetic fucker.

My bound body now housed a mind and spirit shattered by the loss of my hard earned slacker credentials. I was ripe for redemption. A figure in a taupe micro-fibre suit stood at my side. I felt soft, long-fingered hands gently unbind my raw, gaffer taped wrists and remove the handle of the sword I gripped between my teeth. I gazed up into the face illuminated by the by the stark single globe that lit the room. Eyes like soft limpid pools instantly melted the hard layers of my fuckers' heart. Was this my angel of mercy?

"I live in the flat across the hall. I know you are hurting, and I am here to help you abandon



# pulp

the life of cruelty and degradation into which you are descending". As my neighbour's dulcet tones soothed my aching core, I became aware of needs I never knew I had. I wanted to watch puppies frolic amongst daisies, I wanted to hug trees; I wanted to find my inner child, I wanted to watch *When A Man Loves A Woman* and cry, and cry, and cry, but most of all I wanted to be loved. I was struck by an overwhelming desire to experience an equally empowered, mutually satisfying relationship with the non-gender specific human being by my side.

I decided to initiate my rebirth. No longer would I be an icon for the slacker generation. Rather, I would be environmentally conscious, attuned with my feminine side, and a valued member of the global community. Over the next few days I equipped myself with the articles of my new faith. My fridge was stocked with tofu, my book shelves were lined with Maya Angelou and John Gray, and I went to the Psychic Fair and bought a crystal. I threw sticks for dogs in the park and pushed small children on swings higher, and higher, and higher. And always my love was there keeping a watchful eye and confiscating my cigarettes. My days as the personification of the city's seedy underside seemed long gone. Finally I was deemed worthy to accompany my love on a weekend retreat of organised meditation in Cuppacumbalong. Life was coming up roses.

## last gasp

### Oscar Overdose

G!tz! Glamour! A deformed gold foot-long phallus called Oscar that makes grown men and women cry (and that's just when they've got it in their hands...). Tuxes and dresses and coked-up celebrities and more iced nipples than the Miss USA awards! That *delightful* Billy Crystal! Tears! Acceptance speeches! In-jokes with God; thank-you's to Jack Nicholson! (No — sorry, other way around. It's easy to get them confused on Oscar night, except that God couldn't get a front row seat.) Loads and loads and loads of stars! Man, it's like every *Who* magazine rolled into one — and don't say that wouldn't be a dream come true — it's the *Academy Awards!*

I watched it; I watched it fucken all. But — and here's a guilty secret, worse than my *Best of Belinda Carlisle* CD — I wanted to watch it all. In fact, it's been something I've been promising myself for four or five years. Every year, I've always attempted to resist the Oscars, only to find myself pacing into the room where the television is on... and maybe I'll just watch it for fifteen minutes, just because I'm really, really interested in who got the best Sound Effects Editing award... and then I keep 'popping in' and don't get anything done, and the night is a write-off, and I get very depressed and disillusioned and end up sitting in my darkened room listening to my Morrissey CDs, contemplating the shitfulness of life until 3 in the morning. (It is an ugly, horrible little cycle, and I don't recommend it to anyone.)

But not this year! This year I decided to embrace the beast, and celebrate the glorious self-indulgence of it all. 'Attention!' I proudly announced to my flatmates. 'I am going to my room to watch four hours of shameless self-aggrandisement and slavishly lap up every last ego-soaked drop of it! I will be partaking in the cheap but undeniably seductive thrills that Hollywood's stars offer me by parading their rich, pouting, *definitely* talented and impossibly good-looking bodies before me, and I shall unquestioningly accept and applaud the decisions of the same judging

panel that gave *Forrest Gump* the Best Picture award in 1994! Do not disturb!' And in I went.

At first I was loving it. Kerri-Anne Kennedy's marvellously stimulating introduction was a joy to behold. Hey, there's Arnie! There's Sigourney! There's (sigh) Helena Bonham Carter! There's a Baldwin! There's another one! There's Madonna! There's Madonna's breasts! There's Jack! And I was genuinely excited to see all these really famous people, and happy to see them having a really good time. After all, everyone needs a good dose of crap pop culture now and then, be it late night



Letterman or *Reality Bites*. And quite sincerely, normally I'm the first one to defend this sort of stuff, because I'm not so much a snob as to argue with the estimated audience of the Awards: one billion people. Hey, Shakespeare and Dickens were the *Titanic* of their ages, right? What's wrong with a little vicarious living? What's wrong with simple

old entertainment?

Well, not anything really, except that nothing about Hollywood or the Academy Awards or celebrities is little or humble — and as far as entertainment goes, there is only so long that you can ignore the sheer vacuousness of it all. True: after scarcely two hours even my relentless, determinedly bloody-minded enthusiasm began to wane. I mean, I'm sure that *Titanic* is a good film and all, but seeing James Cameron crowing over his award and the amount of money it has made was quite nauseating. But what really gets to me (this is hammered into you after four hours) is the way that the whole affair is so immensely self-congratulating. You'd think that the film industry consisted entirely of bloated American extravaganzas starring major names. (In fact, it was pretty funny how pissed off Robert de Niro looked at having to present the shitty, boring old Foreign Films award. He looked like he'd just gotten stuck with the fat unco in a primary school football team). It is a cliché that Hollywood makes its films and grooms its stars to a formula; a formula that we're all demographically proven to know and love and collectively pay enormous amounts of money to go and see, and there isn't really anything wrong with this — except that watching the Oscars, you realise that this formula is being presented as the *only* option. Anything that doesn't conform to Hollywood standards, anything that isn't acknowledged by the omniscient Academy, is somehow not really a film. What a pack of authoritarian fun-crushing conformist arseholes.

In short, I think I O.D.'d. I'll have to cancel the *Who* subscription. But I've decided that, in the end, it was good for me. It made me stronger. I saw the totalitarian emptiness behind the mile-wide smile, and I lived to tell the tale.

Can't wait for the Grammys.

—Easter Sunday

### Next Issue



### A well rounded education! Who needs it?

Not ANU students apparently. If you were beside yourself with admiration for the forces behind the cuts to European Languages, catch *Woron's* special on what you can next expect from those geniuses in the Chancery. Plus, your chance to win tickets to the book burning and sausage sizzle spectacular, as the University pays homage to the god of economic rationalism. Come and join the fun as we toss Tolstoy on the barbie.



# OOPS!

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## SHANNA HAW



The editors of *Woroni* need to draw your attention to the captions of the photos of foetuses in the feature titled "Abortion — dilemma of choice" in this issue. Clearly both of the foetuses pictured (on pages 15 and 16) are at a substantially later stage of development than the first tri-mester which is the most common time for a termination procedure to be done. *Woroni* would like to stress that the captions of both pictures were incorrect, and that the foetuses pictured were definitely not at a stage of development to be expected at 8 weeks.

The editors of *Woroni* would like to apologise for any stress or trauma that may have been caused by the mistaken captions.

Anyone having problems dealing with an abortion can contact Kate at the women's office (6279 8514), or the Pregnancy Information and Counselling Service on 6248 6222.